

MACLEAN'S

MARCH 5 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

BEGINNING

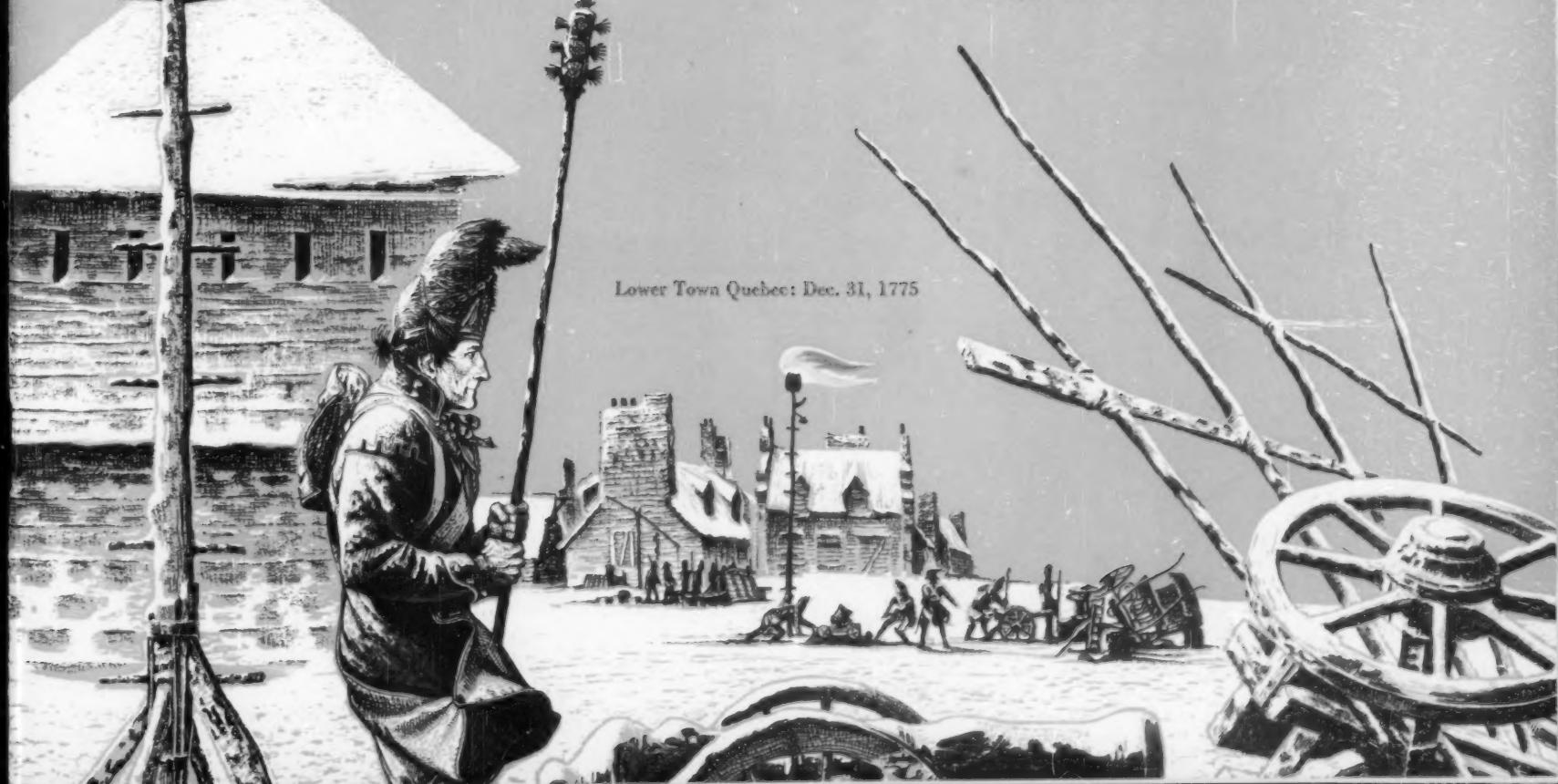
A dramatic new book by
BRUCE HUTCHISON

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

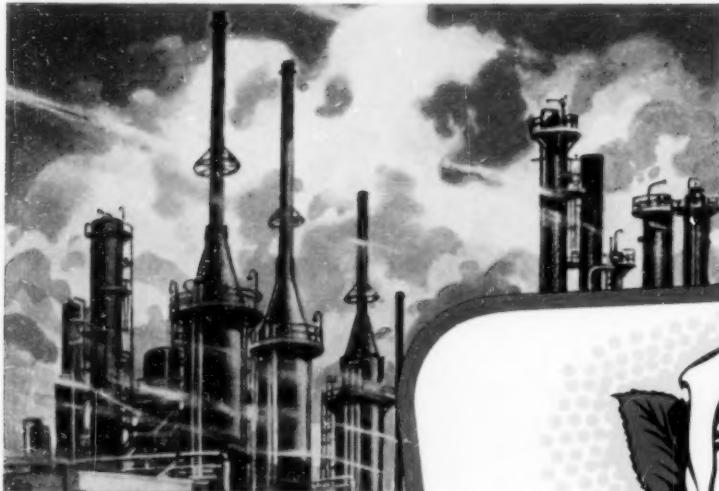
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EDITORIAL

Let's Swallow Our Pride and Cheapen Our Dollar

FOR SOME TIME now we Canadians have been crowing about the price of our dollar. It gives us a smug and satisfied feeling to be able to charge an American an extra nickel or so for his money after all those years of discounting south of the border. It's pleasant to boast about having the soundest dollar in the world. It titillates our national pride, which has had a lot of titillating lately.

Unfortunately we also have the most expensive dollar in the world and though we may be proud of it we might as well face up to the fact that it's costing us money. It is true that it helps us when we shop in other countries, but what it's doing to our export trade is another matter.

Canada exports one-fifth of all it produces. It can't stay prosperous without a flourishing foreign demand for much of the output of its farms, mines, forests and fisheries. When our dollar is at a premium it makes it harder for us to sell to the rest of the world.

Take a man who exports lumber to the United States. To break even when he changes U. S. into Canadian dollars he has to charge three or four percent more for his lumber than he would if our dollar was at par with the American. He's up against this same handicap shipping to other markets abroad, because our currency is out of line in comparison with the currency of our customers.

What it boils down to is that our high-priced dollar is subsidizing imports and penalizing exports—a combination which could easily throw our trade out of balance and a great many Canadians out of jobs. Last summer, those who cater to tourists had a 'close look at what is happening. Their motels and cabins weren't

filled and their American guests complained bitterly when their money was discounted. We see and hear the people who buy vacations from us. Most of us don't see or hear the people who buy our lumber, paper, wheat, metal and fish, but there is no reason to suppose they like having their money discounted any better than the tourists do.

The situation is not of our own making. Our dollar rose because of a heavy inflow of foreign capital into Canada to finance developments like Labrador iron ore and western oil. Foreign investors, eager to turn their own currency into Canadian funds, bid our dollar up.

Since we didn't cause the situation, what can we do about it? James Muir, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, has suggested a bold plan. His idea is that the federal government should consider large-scale purchases of U. S. dollars on the open market. He reasons that such purchases would drive the U. S. dollar up, with the result that the Canadian dollar would drop.

Judging from newspaper comment, the reaction in Ottawa hasn't been too enthusiastic. Anonymous government officials are reported to believe it would involve too big a gamble. Perhaps it would. There's a good chance that once the Canadian dollar gets cheaper more American capital will pour into Canada and drive the dollar right back up again. But when one of the biggest bankers in the country speaks, it's worth while to listen to him. There are times when a calculated risk is justified—when valor is wiser than discretion. It's high time we swallowed our national pride and got our dollar back to par.

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LONDON LETTER
BY *Beverley Baxter*



Can An Athlete Have Brains?

THERE is one subject on which there is no difference between the socialists and the Conservatives. In fact the subject has only to be mentioned in debate and there is an immediate coalition in which even the Liberal remnant joins.

I refer to sport—that civilized alternative to war. Ancient Greece excelled in athletics just as she led the world in the cultivation of the arts. Great Britain gave cricket to the modern world, and also the game of soccer, which is the only game where the outside of the head is used. It is in the realm of sport that the British taught mankind how to lose—although at times they rather overdo it.

You will understand therefore that when I received an invitation to a dinner at the House of Commons in honor of the athletes who went to the British Empire Games in Vancouver I accepted at once. Such an invitation is almost a royal command.

The chairman was that aristocratic Labour MP, Philip Noel-Baker, who ran so fast at Cambridge that he has been a semi-immortal ever since. On his right was a thin, rather wan-looking young man—not unlike Hamlet in demeanor—who turned out to be Dr. Roger Bannister.

On the chairman's left was a lively young fellow who looked something between a midshipman and a naval sublieutenant. He had a quick, somewhat irreverent smile as if he were more amused than awed by finding himself in such a historic setting. His name was Chataway.

Just to show these visitors that they did not invent sport we had our own Tory, Sir Wavell Wakefield, MP, who, in his varsity days, captained England at rugger—which is what they call rugby over here. Even to the socialists he is a historic figure.

However, since we were Her Majesty's House of Commons, or at any rate a portion of it, we put up Harold Macmillan, Minister of Defense (and undoubtedly Eden's ultimate successor at the Foreign Office) to make the opening speech when the business of dining had come to an end.

Macmillan was in excellent form. He spoke of the eminent sporting figures present as if they were visiting ambassadors. He obviously did not know much about them individually but he knew that they had been to Canada and had done something or other to justify our giving them a dinner.

"Fame," he observed, "is a transitory thing. When I was Resident Minister in North Africa during the war I received many letters from prominent persons and I used to send their signatures to my daughter at school because she was collecting them. With some pride I sent her in one post the signatures of Field Marshal Alexander and General Eisenhower. They were a great success with my daughter, so great in fact that I received a letter promptly from her, which read: 'Dear Daddy, I loved your last two autographs. If you can get me three more Alexanders and two more Eisenhowers I think I could exchange them for one Rita Hayworth.'"

You will agree that Macmillan was in form. Here was a formidable political figure having a little jest at the reputations of great men, yet in the process maintaining the lofty superiority of a senior minister of the Crown. The English are awfully good at that kind of thing. They stoop, but not very low, to conquer.

I felt sorry for the athletes who had to reply. When the brains are in the legs or the biceps it is pretty tough to match them against a chap like Macmillan, whose brains are most certainly in his head.

I must say, however, that the speeches of the athletes were surprisingly good, taking all things in consideration. *Continued on page 53*



Chris Chataway whips Russia's Vladimir Kuc. As an orator he's a champion too.

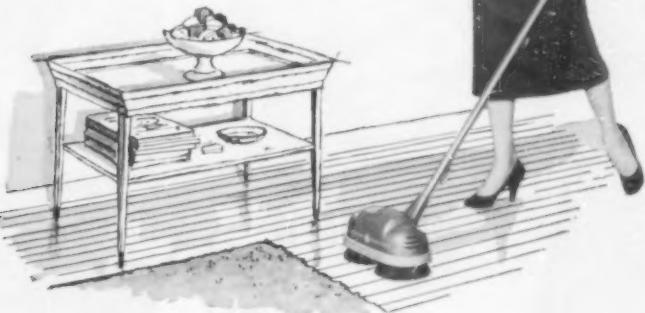
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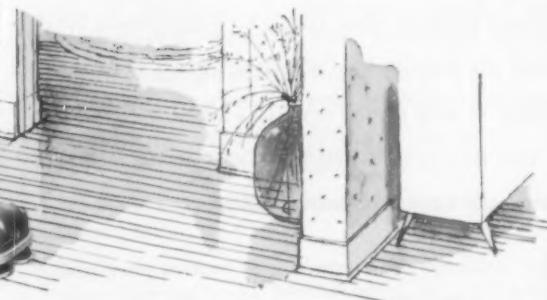
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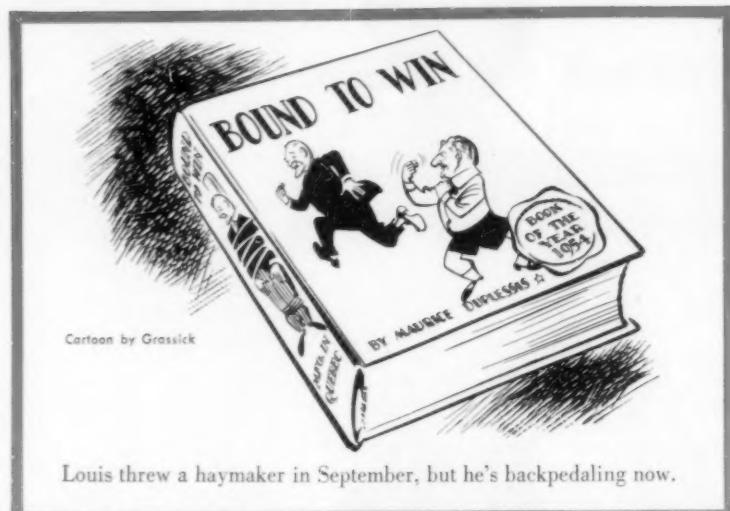


Vaseline TRADE MARK HAIR TONIC

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BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE At Ottawa



Louis threw a haymaker in September, but he's backpedaling now.

Has Louis Lost Liberal Quebec?

OUTSIDE Quebec, Ottawa's recent income-tax concession may not sound like much of a story. In fact it's the latest installment of the biggest story in Canadian politics for years—a story that conceivably might end with the collapse of the Liberal Party in that strongest of all its strongholds, Quebec.

This is more than a mere squabble over dollars and cents. Among other things it involves the Roman Catholic clergy, always a potent force in Quebec politics. Only once, in 1896, has a political party defied the clergy and still won Quebec, and that was a battle that Sir Wilfrid Laurier could hardly avoid. This time another French-speaking prime minister went out of his way to affront the clergy at the very moment he was opening battle with a formidable secular foe, Premier Maurice Duplessis. The new ten-percent tax cut for Quebec is one of a series of rearguard actions that followed, but have not yet repaired, an explosion St. Laurent set off last September.

Let us look at the background. Superficially the bald facts of the tax change are innocuous enough. Premier Duplessis had demanded that his provincial income tax, up to fifteen percent of the federal levy, should be made fully deductible from federal income tax. Ottawa already allowed a deduction of five percent; this has now been replaced by a tax cut of ten percent to Quebec taxpayers. (It's available, of course, to taxpayers in any province that levies its own income tax, but Quebec is the only province doing so.) The cut will eliminate double taxation up to the bracket, approximately, of married men earning six thousand dollars a year. Since married men earning less than three thousand dollars are

entirely exempt from the Duplessis income tax, the change actually means a net reduction of ten percent for this large group.

Moreover, the total of tax relief thus given to Quebec amounts to \$28 millions, or six millions more than the Duplessis income tax will earn. If Duplessis should choose to amend his tax law to bring exemptions into line with those of Ottawa, he could actually increase his income-tax revenue twenty-five percent without costing Quebec taxpayers an additional penny.

True, it would still be several millions short of the net amount Quebec could get from a tax-rental agreement such as the other nine provinces have signed. Quebec's gross rental last year would have been \$120-odd millions. Deductible from that under present law are \$53 millions (seven percent of the total) corporation income tax, \$14 millions (five percent of the total) personal income tax, \$8 millions succession duties and \$15 millions in assorted minor taxes on company income—\$90 millions altogether, or more than \$30 millions less than a tax rental would have been.

But after all, Premier Duplessis' refusal to enter a tax-rental agreement lost Quebec a grand total of \$137 millions in seven years. During that time he had two elections and won both of them, and Liberals found to their dismay that the voters did not seem a bit interested in the loss of an average \$20 millions a year. Surely, electors who shrugged at \$20 millions would care even less about a quarter of that sum. They'd still have the autonomy which Duplessis made so much fuss about, and they'd have it at a much lower price.

The Liberals *Continued on page 52*

**"Save!
I can't save a nickel
these days!"**

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**Here are the five savings goals
and the 50 monthly payments**

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\$ 100	\$ 2
250	5
500	10
750	15
1000	20

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What about payments? You make them monthly in person or by mail. And your payments earn interest.

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Centre of attention in these great new automobiles is the exciting cockpit styling of the instrument panel. Every instrument is within instant sight or reach. For instance, there's the intriguing, revolutionary new Flite Control lever on the instrument panel. Its pencil-slim shaft extends back within easy reach so that only a touch of your finger gives you full command of the smoothest automatic transmission of all.

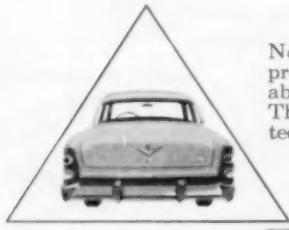
For surging performance and sensational economy, these cars have powerful new engines (up to 250 h.p.) to whisk you along as effortlessly as a breeze.

So how about a date with one of these beauties soon?

How about getting first-hand the thrill of a dream ride in one of these wonderful new automobiles?

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Long, lithe lines, taut, sleek metalwork and perfect proportioning of hood, passenger area enclosure and rear deck lend a feeling of motion, even when the cars are standing still.



es yesterday seem years ago . . .

*DESIGN** for The Forward Look!

* *MOTION-DESIGN* for The Forward Look
gives Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto,
and Chrysler automobiles the look of motion—
even when standing still!



Let your *Baker* be your Menu Maker



• Assorted baker's breads make an appetizing platter by themselves and breed menu inspiration besides! Here's a successful accompaniment for simple things like soups and salads and cold cuts and cheese. And the faster that bread platter goes, the happier you can be! For delicious baker's bread, made with enriched flour, has the 3 important "B" vitamins, plus iron.

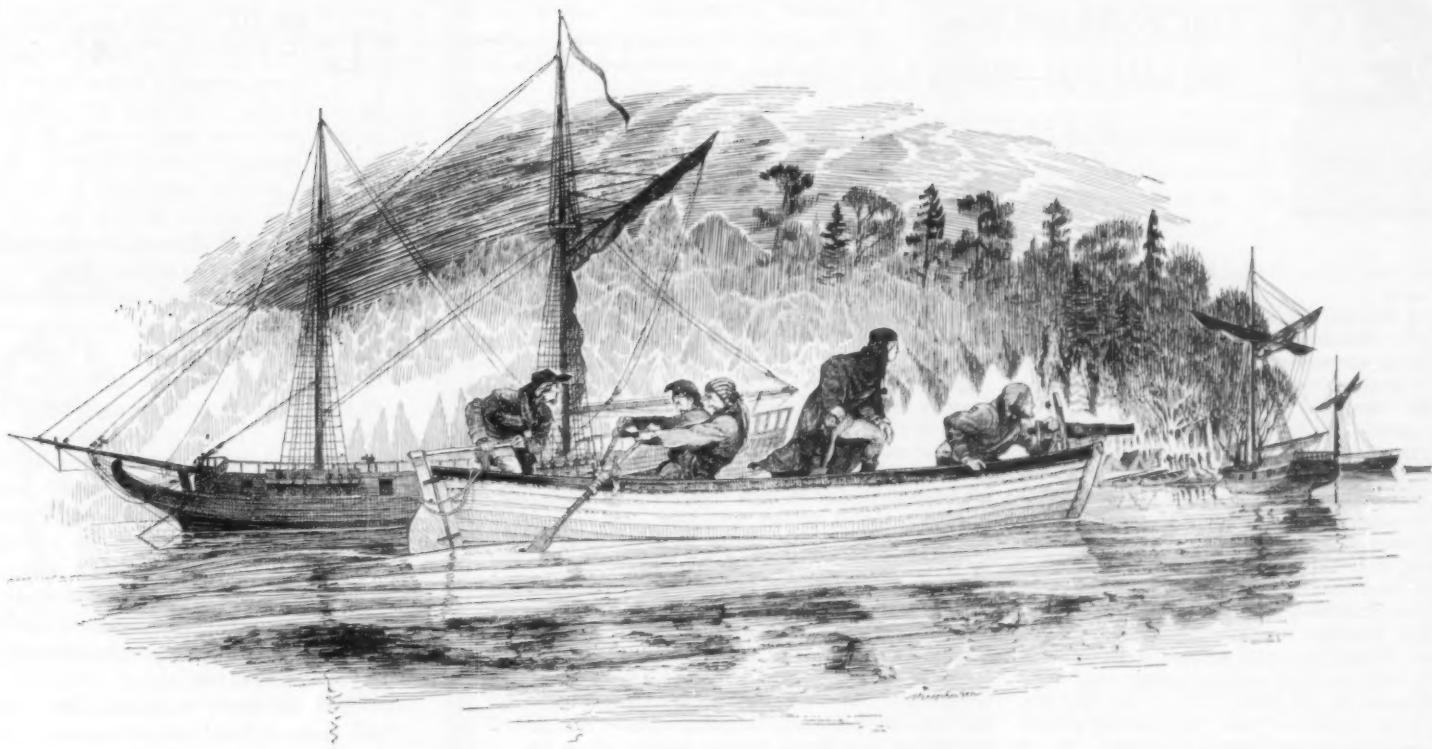


• Goodbye to hurry-scurry in the kitchen... to ho-hum at the table! Let your baker make the menu—you choose from his fine things for dessert. Tonight it could be a sumptuous coffee ring, iced and garnished with candied fruits. Or date turnovers or butter horns. No end of surprises for the family—but an end of turmoil for you!

• Don't limit dinner rolls to candlelight and damask occasions! They're menu-makers for *daily* meals—such an inexpensive way to gladden the routine "three-a-day". Serve a hot roll with breakfast jam or jelly—a soft roll for contrast with crispy salads—a crusty roll with soup. Choose from your baker's exciting variety of sorts and shapes... for *any* meal!



Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to
national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products



This perilous journey saved Canada. Governor Guy Carleton, disguised as a habitant, eluded the American ships and rallied Quebec.

An outstanding Canadian storyteller begins his dramatic tale of
THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

PART ONE

The escape that saved the nation

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

The grave and gallant Guy Carleton slipped past the American ambush in a habitant's riverboat and reached Quebec. There he held The Rock against the rebels of the Thirteen Colonies and, as English and Canadian fought side by side, he forged the invisible bonds that would someday bind the country

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE 1775, the freezing hands of the Quebec garrison clutched sword and musket. They also clutched the invisible stuff of a new nation and could lose it before the New Year dawned.

A blizzard howled over the ancient rock that night and muffled the boom of American guns on the Field of Abraham, where Wolfe had died only sixteen years before. Two young generals of the Continental Congress had taken his place in yet another siege of Quebec. For in the reasoning of the Philadelphia philosophers of inalienable rights and by the inevitable logic of nature itself, Canada belonged to the American Revolution.

As the light of signal fires and the flare of rockets across the sky announced the attack, a lonely and unruffled figure waited inside the town walls. Guy Carleton had reached his hour. If Canada was to be saved for the British



Carleton had been the closest friend of the dead Wolfe. Now he had to hold the prize that Wolfe had won. Not only that—before him rose the misty vision of a continent divided in friendship

Empire, and ultimately for itself, this man alone could save it.

To an English gentleman of the old school like Carleton, the course of human events in America had lately seemed evil, unnatural, incredible. Why, French power had hardly been driven from Canada before the Thirteen Colonies of the Atlantic coast apparently were taking leave of their senses.

A Virginian named Patrick Henry—a shambling, shabby, red-headed yokel, as it was reported in London—had introduced in the House of Burgesses a series of outlandish “Resolves” and had cried out: “If this be treason, make the most of it!” Sam Adams, in English eyes a still more repulsive character, a mere demagogue, burly, ragged and vulgar, was stirring up the mobs of Boston. Even the gentry seemed to be infected by this madness and were pursuing what they were pleased to call liberty—as if they had not secured, by the Seven Years’ War, all the liberty any Englishman could possibly desire.

Carleton had fought with Wolfe on the Plains, had been severely wounded beside his dying friend and had supposed that this victory would settle the future of America for good, to the satisfaction of all sensible men. It was therefore shocking and painful to hear that the Thirteen Colonies doubted the result of the war and the wisdom of His Majesty’s Government, which had saved them from the old menace and the countless attacks of the French Canadians since Champlain’s time.

Being an English gentleman (though born in Ireland) Carleton rather resembled in character his future enemy, George Washington—and in destiny, too, since the careers of these two men were to run in unlikely parallel to shape the destinies of two nations. And in appearance the loyal Briton and the American rebel were not unlike.

Carleton stood over six feet tall. His body was massive and muscular, his face, like Washington’s, square, heavy-jowled and solid. A staid and silent young officer in the British Army, he had earned the nickname of “grave Carleton.” Two grave men of middle age, one from Virginia, the other from County Tyrone, had some ten years of business to transact between them, none of it pleasant.

Now that Wolfe and Montcalm were gone and New France transformed into the fourteenth British colony, who would govern the continent? As it was to happen—against all calculation, all geographic facts, economic laws and political theories—Washington and Carleton would split the continent and share its government.

Carleton’s career, like Washington’s, began in misfortune and mistake. About the time that Washington was driven from Fort Necessity after a military blunder, Carleton incurred the high dudgeon of King George II by some indiscreet and bitter remarks about the alien Hanoverian dynasty.

But Carleton was an able officer. When Wolfe was ordered the next year to capture Quebec, he insisted on Carleton’s appointment to his staff over the King’s objections. Carleton served at

Quebec with outstanding skill, was wounded in the head and was willed a thousand pounds by his commander, besides all Wolfe’s books and papers. He had become the dead hero’s closest friend.

Between 1759 and 1766 he continued to fight bravely in Britain’s wars, being twice wounded. Then in 1766, appointed Governor of Quebec by the new monarch George III—his old affronts to the Royal Family forgiven—Carleton arrived at his capital to find it astir, not for the reasons agitating the Thirteen Colonies and not so angrily, yet with a depressing lack of loyalty to its new King.

Busily stamping the imperial design on the Thirteen, the government of England had little time to consider the fourteenth, in Quebec. Carleton was left alone to grapple with the same design in Canadian terms. He found those terms unworkable but, unlike the conspirators of Boston and Williamsburg, he could quietly change the design in a lonely foreign region, where an alien and conquered people would do whatever he ordered, where England saw little of interest or importance anyway.

The local politics of Quebec soon warped the whole impossible design of the British Empire in America and at last received the earnest attention of the British government. What it had heard from its local Governor was most confusing. He seemed to have turned almost into a Frenchman, or at least into a Canadian. Here he was, writing to London that “barring a catastrophe shocking to think of, this country must to the end of time be peopled by the Canadian race, who have already taken such firm root and got so great a height that any new stock transplanted will be totally hid, except in the towns of Quebec and Montreal.”

He was wrong about that because he did not expect the American Revolution and its backwash into Canada. How could he foresee that the French-speaking Canadians of Quebec would soon be a minority in an unimaginable new state? For the present he had only the first known fact to work with—the fact that the Canadians would be themselves—and it was enough to reverse the entire policy of Britain in America.

The original policy was designed to anglicize the Canadians and, if possible, convert them to Protestantism as part of a homogeneous British and Protestant continent. Carleton had not been in Canada a year before he saw the futility of that hope. Since the Canadians would remain Canadians, if not French, Britain must accept the fact and alter its policies accordingly. Since the other Thirteen Colonies were growing restive, Britain must consolidate the loyal fourteenth, even if it was not British by race or religion. The Canadians must be attached to Britain, not on Britain’s terms but on their own.

That conclusion was the gauge of Carleton’s statesmanship and marked him as one of the decisive figures in North American history. For

“The border is like

LIKE ALL workable human institutions, the Forty-Ninth Parallel is a paradox. It was created by animosity but it lives by friendship. It divides two peoples but unites them in one neighborhood, all the more durable because it permits diversity. It separates two political entities but it carries back and forth in ceaseless motion, day and night, the largest freight of goods, travelers and ideas crossing any frontier in the world.

The boundary is like a mighty heart nourishing one community of two parts, separate but organically interdependent. In modern times the heartbeat has been so steady and reliable that the potent body of the continent is hardly aware of it. Though the organism seems outwardly tough and muscular, inwardly it is as delicate as any human body. The very intimacy of the American-Canadian friendship makes it brittle and supersensitive—as the closest friends will ignore a stranger’s offenses but will be wounded by the smallest slight from one another. Thus the border is marked by many secret scars, slowly healed, and by a few recent scratches.

They are hardly surprising when many of the greatest North Americans have resisted the continental division. Did not Jefferson, in



Jefferson proclaimed America indivisible.

1812, proclaim again the wholeness and indivisibility of America? Did not Henry Clay lay down the dictum that the United States should “take the whole continent and ask no favors” for “I wish never to see peace till we do?” Did not the United States, indeed, hold a “mortgage” on every inch of Canadian soil, solemnly filed by Senator Zachariah Chandler in 1871? And even in 1911 did not the Honorable Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, affirm that he expected “to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North American possessions, clear to the North Pole?”

Those thinkers regarded the contrary notion—that America must be sundered by a scrawl of ink on a fictitious map—as a heresy, an aberration from the human norm, a repeal of reason, an insult to self-evident truth, not to be borne by rational men.

Nor were they obliged to bear it, at least in the past century. Grant’s Grand Army of the Republic could have taken Canada in an easy march, as an afterthought to the Civil War,

continued on page fourteen

like a mighty heart nourishing one community of two parts"

and Canadians listened anxiously for the tramp of that third and final invasion. At any time since then the conquest of Canada would have been a fairly simple military operation.

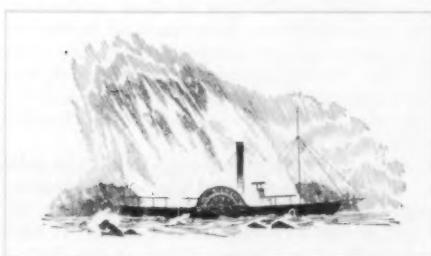
Given the two quarrelsome breeds on either side of the border, the wonder is not that they fought so long but that they halted their struggle short of final conquest. On both sides



Officers of the Army of the Republic tried in 1775 to make good Jefferson's doctrine.

the advances and retreats, the broken truces, the blunders, deceptions and crimes were beyond reckoning. So were the heroism, agony, patience, labor and ingenuity. These peoples threatened continental war because a worthless little ship had been burned and sent flaming over Niagara Falls, and again because an aged pig had been stolen and eaten on a Pacific island. Even a man as sensible as Macdonald, the first Canadian Prime Minister, was suggesting, on April 9, 1867, that India attack San Francisco to divert the United States when it attacked Canada.

All those alarms have passed. The great change—little more than half a century old and hardly to be judged decisive until the last two decades—has followed a long and fitful fever. Madness and sanity, greed and generosity, quarrel and reconciliation, sin and forgiveness



War loomed as Caroline burned at Niagara.

ness, loss and gain have welled along the border of America in tidal flow. They have left behind, in firm sedimentary layers, the continent we now inhabit, the only continent surely at peace and divided by agreement.

The joint future of the two American nations can be understood if we put our minds to it. That we have hardly begun to do. In the eyes of most Canadians the United States, for

all its devices of information, remains a caricature compounded of Broadway, Hollywood and the dark underside of Washington politics. To most Americans the people of Canada are pioneers on a lonely northern frontier, suburban residents just outside the walls of the Republic or exiled Englishmen, and in any case good, honest folk, reliable in the pinch, safely to be taken for granted and indistinguishable from their neighbors, except for their tricks of accent or silence.

The two-sided caricature contains enough truth to make it mischievous. Americans are usually not angry but deeply hurt when Canadians misunderstand and criticize them. Canadians, being even more sensitive under a placid exterior, cannot bear to be taken for granted. So, in an age of mechanical communication, the real lifestuff of both peoples fails to come through the radio waves, the television boxes, the speeches and the printed word.

How many Americans have yet distinguished the hard facts of the border from among the genial myths?

The fact that two peoples, so alike in their outer habits, differ fundamentally because



Franklin's logic from a press in Montreal couldn't arouse Canadians.

their historic experience is different.

The Americans spiritually whole after cutting their ties in Europe; the Canadians refusing to cut those ties and thus spiritually split.

The Americans devoted to their written doctrines, fixed principles, self-evident truths, iron-clad Constitution and government by laws, not men; the Canadians sceptical of all theory, deliberately pragmatic and inconsistent in great concerns, compelled to live, hugger-mugger, by compromise in a society of two races, yet grimly attached to their curious institutions, their folkways and their Queen who happens to live in London.

The Americans lively, humorous, articulate, excited, certain of man's essential equality and truly democratic; the Canadians superficially stolid, apparently humorless, silent, unruffled, yet full of a hot inner pride, always aware of man's inequality and convinced that democracy has its limitations.

Two peoples, in fact, who have been exposed to the same American environment but see it through divergent angles of refraction.

How many Americans have considered the fact that no foreign people on earth has so intimately, persistently and inevitably affected the course of American history as a few million Canadians who only wished to be left alone?

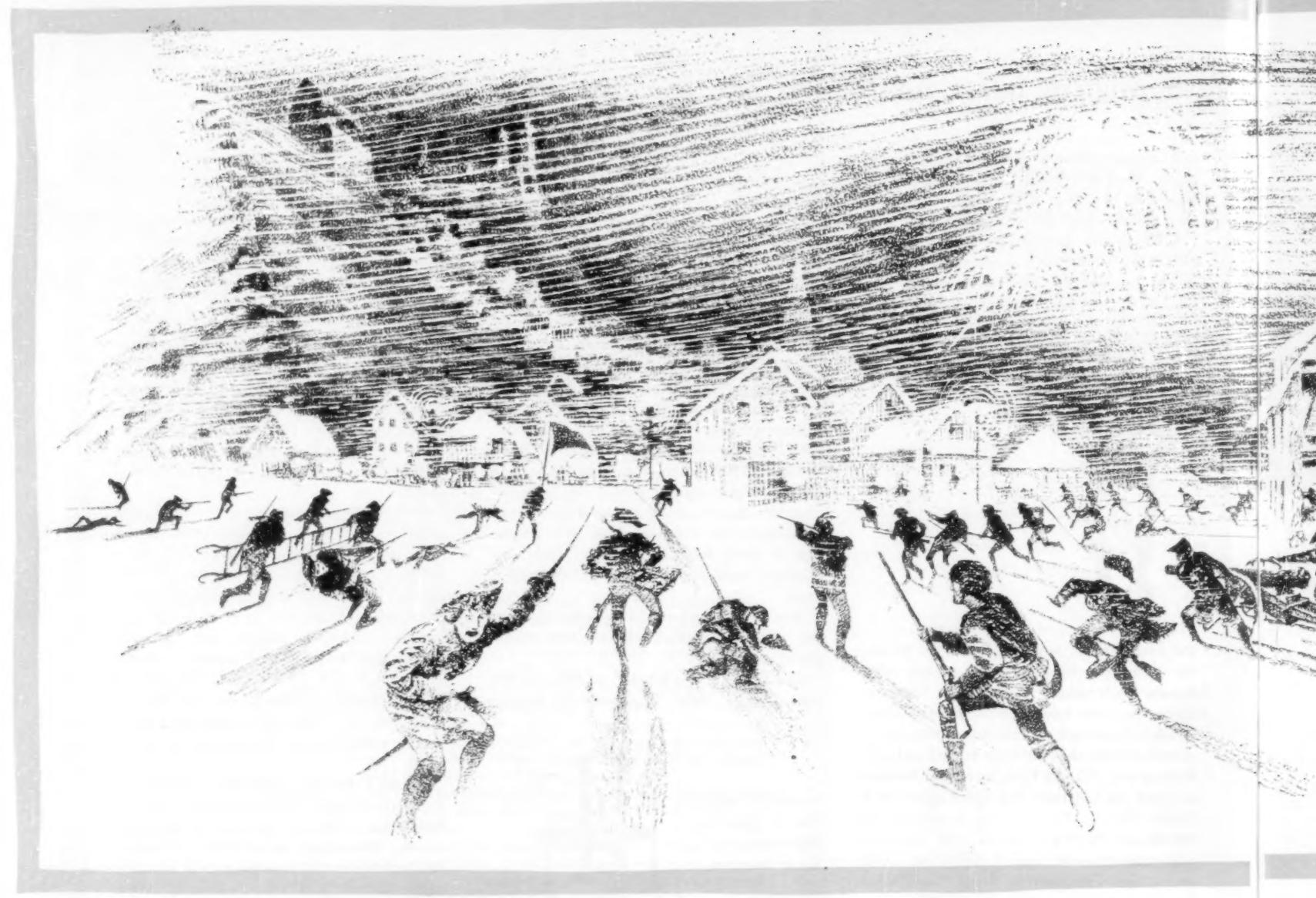
How many Canadians have grasped the fact that they have built their nation mainly by the consent and co-operation of the United States, despite its occasional gestures to the contrary; that Canada not only began as the child of the American Revolution but is viable today only under American protection; and that if Canada cannot contract out of American power and American mistakes, yet no nation of its size and strength has ever received such generous treatment from a giant on its undefended flank?

Such paradoxes have long roots. They come out of an endless adventure, a combination of men, geography, natural forces and sheer accident—the unbelievable story of the 49th parallel. It is a story at first dominated by outsiders but essentially the story of two distinct peoples striving to subdue the American environment in their own separate fashions. Though all the innumerable bunglers of Europe attempted to print the Old World's image on the New, the American nations quickly took their own from the earth around them.

When Frontenac gloatingly reported his massacres of New England settlers, when La Salle announced a new empire awaiting France on the Mississippi, and the La Vérendrye brothers mistakenly registered their first sight of the Rockies, they wrote in French. When Mackenzie recorded the white man's first crossing of the continent, when Simpson noted the secrets of the fur trade in his private code, when the Founding Fathers devised the American Constitution, they wrote in English. All of them were thinking, unconsciously, in a language of new meanings. Their minds had taken on an American dimension. They might regard themselves as transplanted Frenchmen or Englishmen, but they had been transformed by the continental environment, by the wilderness and far places, by the spectacle of river, lake, prairie and mountain, by the very air, the fierce sun, the cruel winter, the loneliness of their land—and not least by their struggle to unify or divide it. ★



The bastions of the Rock held firm.



On the fateful New Year's Eve of 1776 the British guns and Canadian muskets blazed through a raging blizzard to drive back the ragged Americans' two-pronged thrust.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

continued

under his cool management began the great Canadian paradox. It would drastically alter in America the course of human events so complacently laid down and so greatly misunderstood in the Thirteen Colonies.

As an English gentleman Carleton could see great political advantages and a highly congenial social climate in Quebec. There was no democratic nonsense among the peaceable Canadians, none of those instincts of revolt and class warfare now upsetting even the stable society of New England.

A gentleman in Quebec could remain a gentleman. The well-trained, respectful peasants would not question his status, having always been governed by gentlemen; whereas in the Thirteen Colonies persons obviously not gentlemen were uttering the most outrageous notions of sovereignty, equality, human rights and God alone knew what other seditious libels. Why then destroy, by amalgamation, standardization and social debasement, this Canadian island of sanity in the dark ocean of American democracy?

The Proclamation of 1763—signed in Paris—had ended the Seven Years' War with France and established the details of British rule in Quebec. Carleton began to break the Proclamation not outwardly at first but in detail. That document, like

so many other imperial designs for America, was soon in tatters.

It had imposed English law in Quebec but the local courts still followed the law of Paris in civil disputes.

It had promised freehold tenure of land on the English model but land was still being granted in the French style.

It had abolished the established Catholic Church but the church still controlled the people.

It had promised a legislative assembly but none was ever called together. No one wanted it, save the carpetbaggers from the Thirteen Colonies, who wanted it mainly to nail down their monopoly of the fur trade.

Thus, by another of the queer paradoxes that must always govern Canada, its new English settlers from the Thirteen Colonies were mostly opposed to the English King, the Canadian seigneurs and priests were his most ardent supporters and the peasantry was largely disregarded by its betters. Not, however, by Carleton. To satisfy the ordinary Canadian, he was reducing the Proclamation, with its boundaries, to a solemn fiction, more transparent every year.

But for events in the Thirteen Colonies the British policy might have been left to perish peacefully in stages. As Carleton judged them, those events necessitated a sudden change to end the dying fiction outright and substitute a viable fact, if Britain was to hold Canada.

Patrick Henry's treason—as an English gentle-

man must view it—had spread far, but treason in Canada was confined to a few agitators from the rebellious colonies to the south. The Canadians were sullen and disgruntled like any conquered people, heartsick at the loss of their motherland and their fathers' dream, soul-wounded, baffled by a process beyond their comprehension, but they were passive. Under an outer air of submission they hid their passions—deeper, more stubborn and durable than an American revolutionary or an English gentleman could conceive.

Still, grave Carleton saw enough below the calm exterior to confirm his early calculation. He hurried to London with his own revolutionary notions, designed to prevent a revolution in Canada. It took him four years to sell those notions to the British government, hardly surprising since they proposed a complete and overt change in the imperial design. At length, when the Thirteen Colonies were clearly on the verge of rebellion, the British government decided that Carleton could be right about his colony after all, that his new plan might insulate Canada from the approaching storm.

So, in 1774, parliament began a new and unique experiment with the passage of the Quebec Act. It was the first timid and unconscious step in the construction of the second Empire, and, unknown to its authors, a step toward the third, to be called a Commonwealth.

The Quebec Act repealed the Proclamation of 1763 bag, baggage and boundary. The old French system was virtually re-established in Canada.



Macalister

There was to be no legislative assembly but an appointed gentleman's government, composed of a few British gentlemen, supported by the Canadian gentlemen who, though Catholic, were legalized and made fit for office by an ingenious new oath. The seigneurial land laws were confirmed. French law was established in civil cases and English law in criminal cases. The Catholic Church was permitted to collect its old tithes. Far more important for the future of the continent, the country between the Ohio and Mississippi was restored to the Canadian colony, its original discoverer and owner.

Britain had retreated from the imperial design so far as Canada was concerned, swallowed its pride and sacrificed its Anglo-Saxon ideals within eleven years. The Thirteen Colonies, however, saw only a surrender to the French idolators, whom they had defeated, a brazen theft of their western lands. Nothing could better suit Sam Adams and the hot-heads of New England.

If England had made another fatal mistake in the Thirteen Colonies, she had achieved, whether she knew what she was doing or not, a supreme stroke of statecraft in Canada. She had laid the foundations of a loyal British community—not the community she expected or desired, to be sure, but a friendly community perhaps able to abort the whole concept of continentalism and draw a boundary across the continent. A community, in short, which held the first stuff of nationhood.

Carleton, that cold imperious English gentleman, could not see far through the mists of the latest human events. Who could? Not even a Washington or a Franklin, much less an Adams. For human events were now running wild from New England to Georgia in the first stages of a civil war with the English-speaking family.

On the night of April 18, 1775, a lantern glowed in the steeple of a Boston church, a silversmith named Paul Revere rode breakneck into the countryside and next morning, at Lexington, an angry knot of American farmers fired on English troops the opening shots of the Revolution.

This, then, was the end of something and the beginning of something else. King George did not guess that yet, but it was clear to a greater man. Benjamin Franklin, in London, heard of Lexington from a long distance. The news shattered his last hopes of reconciliation. Tears blinded his eyes as he read the American newspapers.

Carleton did not cry so easily. At times he seemed to have no emotion in him but a loyalty to the King and his own private code. However, at the age of forty-eight, while the world reeled and exploded and the British parliament was pondering his Quebec Act, he had yielded to a brief and rather stuffy interlude of romance by proposing marriage to Lady Anne Howard, young enough to be his daughter. She declined the honor and, with appropriate weeping, admitted to her younger sister, Lady Maria, that she had "been obliged to refuse the best man on earth."

"The more fool you," Maria retorted. "I only wish he had given me the chance."

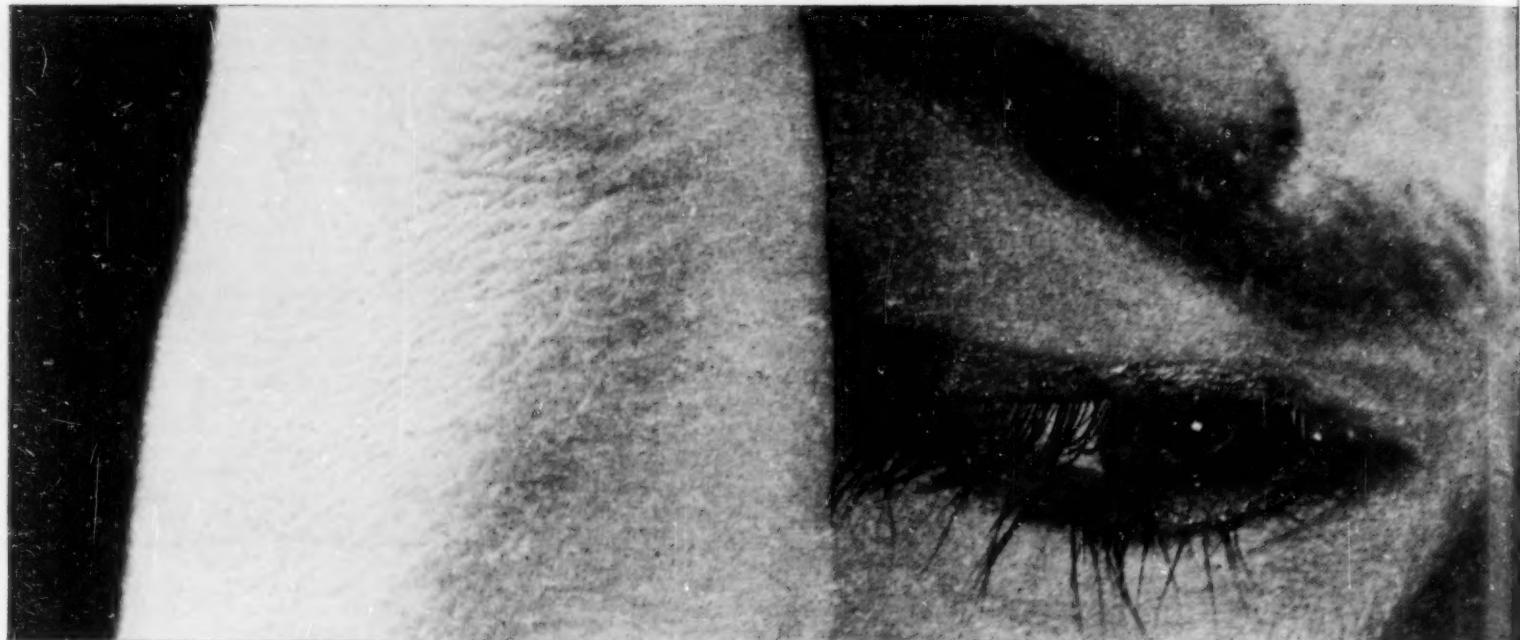
A matchmaking spinster carried that story to the downcast lover. He immediately accepted the alternative thus offered and married Maria. She was tiny, with fair hair, blue eyes and such a delusion of grandeur that the court at Quebec soon became the fussiest in the contemporary world. Carleton humored his child wife, almost as if he remembered the domestic misfortunes of his predecessors, Champlain and Frontenac.

When the bridal pair

Continued on page 55



After the battle, as this scene shows, Carleton (centre background) looked after the American wounded and gave them food and warm clothing.



Does worry

BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

Here's a surprising new approach to a baffling disease. Is there a link between our emotions and our vulnerability to cancer? Medical detectives are now checking the personalities of cancer sufferers to find out. Here's an exclusive report on what they have discovered to date

THE RELENTLESS search for the causes and cure of cancer has now led medical scientists to a new and dramatic frontier: the human emotions. Surprising clues are being found which may some day answer such provocative questions as:

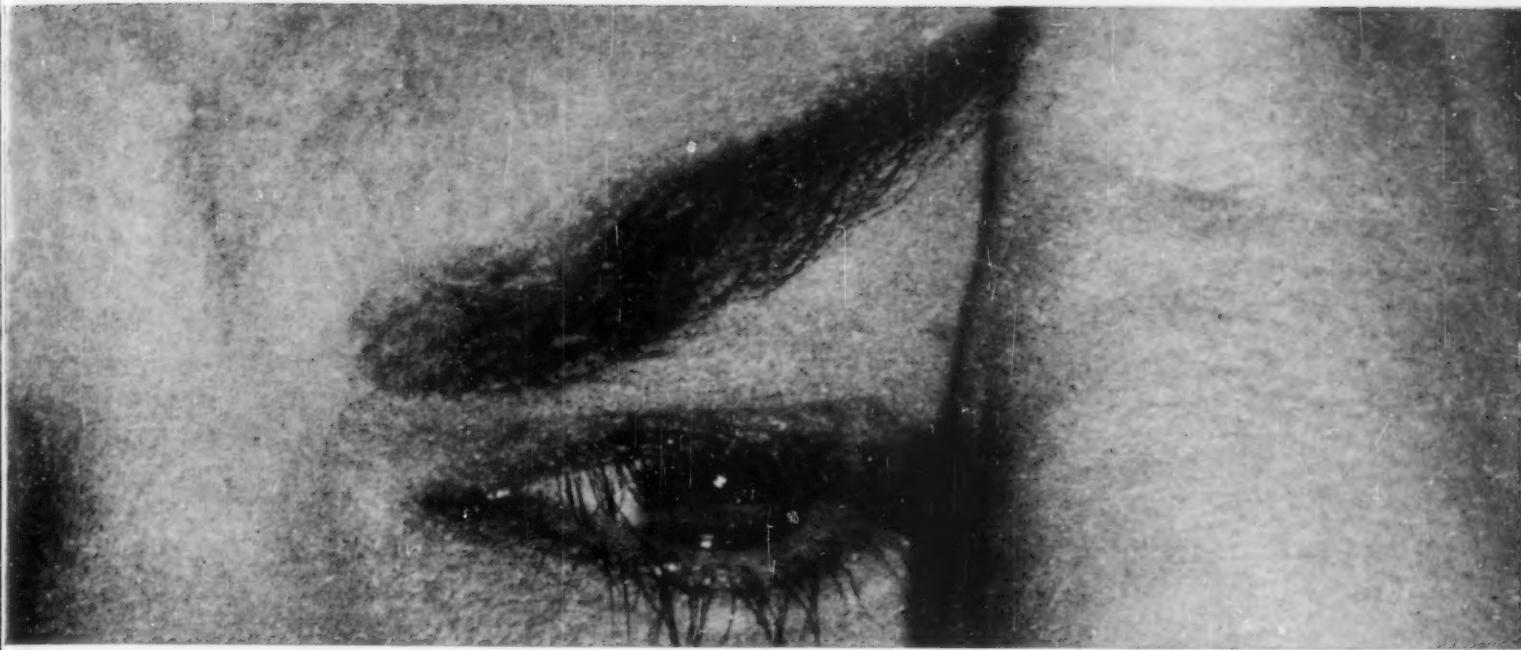
Can long-continued fear, worry and disappointment be an important cause of cancer?

Does cancer race through a patient's body or slow down to a snail's pace, depending on his attitude to life?

Do the cancer cells deliberately choose a specific organ to attack, the choice based on the particular kind of emotional problem plaguing the patient?

Do we all carry around cancer cells and do they only run wild when triggered by some mysterious process in which the emotions play a part?

A few years ago doctors felt that the emotions were influential chiefly in producing such conditions as asthma, peptic ulcer, hypertension, backaches



cause cancer?

and headaches. Cancer, they felt, was an exception. It was purely an organic disease. If the condition were untreated or untreatable the cells multiplied furiously, spread throughout the body, and death followed inevitably.

But doctors have lately been puzzled by cases where this did *not* happen. The patient either recovered completely from an allegedly "fatal" disease or went on to enjoy good health for several years. Furthermore, two patients with the same degree of illness, given exactly the same treatment, would respond differently. Such cases led to speculation that somehow the personality of the patient governed the course of the cancer. This theory was then tested in various clinics and hospitals with some rather surprising results:

At the Veterans' Administration Hospital, Long Beach, Calif., doctors compared a group of twenty-five patients with "fast-growing" cancer, with a similar number who had "slow-growing" cancer.

There was a dramatic difference in the personalities of the two groups.

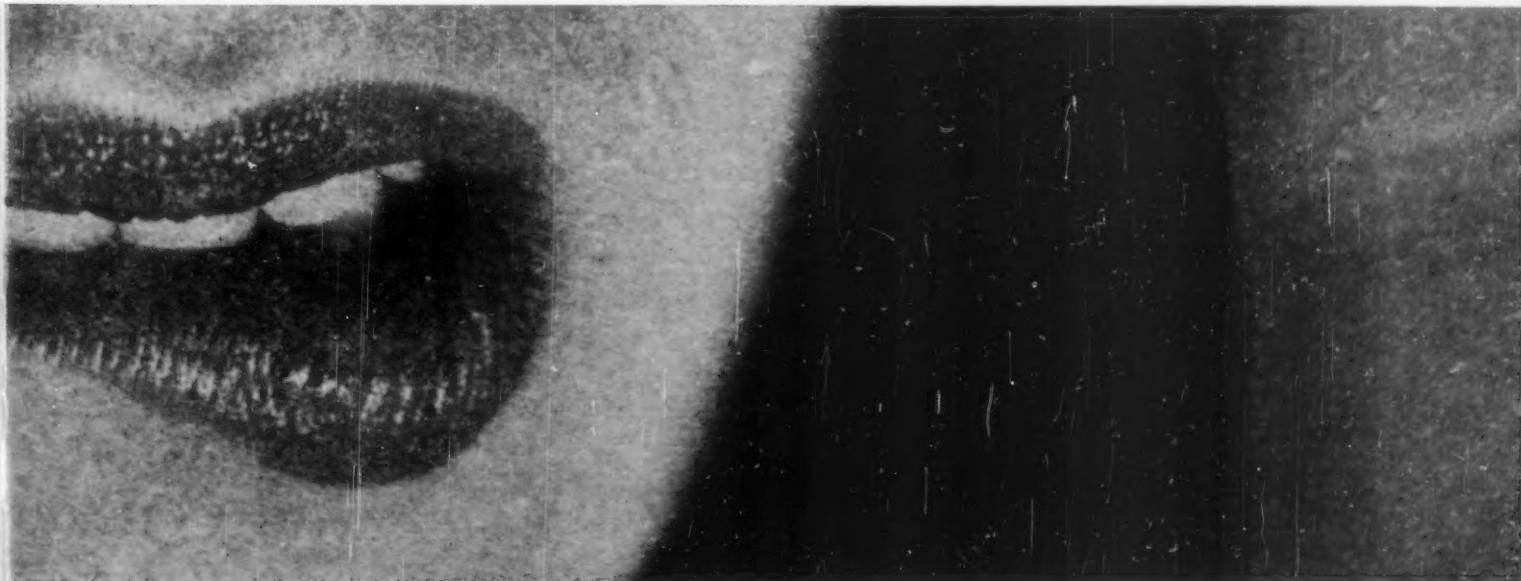
In Chicago forty women who had been operated on for breast cancer were carefully studied. The women were found to have a similar pattern of personality and behavior. They had an aversion to sex; most of them didn't want to have children; they had an unhealthy, unpleasant relationship with their mothers that they covered up with an outward show of sweetness and light.

The vast majority of sufferers with leukemia—the so-called "cancer of the blood"—are adults. After numerous and intimate contacts with leukemia patients, two Philadelphia physicians reported that most of them had had harrowing lives. A female patient of fifty-seven was a case in point. At twenty she fell madly in love but her parents forbade the marriage. At twenty-two she married another man, whom she didn't love. Her husband was cruel, domineering and self-centred. At times

she was forced to work outside the home. Overwork and worry led to a period of mental illness. When she recovered, her mother and father died, and shortly afterward her husband divorced her. Right up until her death from leukemia, her life had been a succession of disappointments.

The occurrence of emotional difficulties in patients with leukemia could be more than a coincidence, according to the Philadelphia doctors, who said that further research along these lines might be profitable.

Any broadening of our knowledge about cancer would come as a boon. Cancer is now Canada's No. 2 killer, claiming eighteen thousand victims a year. In the past thirty years the total death toll has trebled. To be sure, there's a bright side to the picture that shouldn't be overlooked. The increase in deaths can be explained by the rapid growth of our population and the larger proportion of older people, who are particularly *Continued on page 47*



We just had to be alone



Alca knew that, just as surely as she knew she was in love with Tom. She couldn't bear the spying any more, no matter what Mrs. Buhay thought

MRS. BUHAY had had two husbands, had worked in restaurants, hotel dining rooms and at race tracks, and at fifty-two she was the manager of a cafeteria. She had become stout and florid. Her hair was tinted a light brown, her neckline wrinkled, and she had very pale shrewd eyes. She used to say with a hearty laugh that she had had a very sporty life. But she made people feel that she saw right through them, so she had no real friends and she lived alone in her apartment.

That summer she got a letter from a girlhood friend, Betty Holmes, who lived at a whistle stop about a hundred and fifty miles away. Mrs. Holmes wrote that she was broke and dying of tuberculosis and that she wanted her eighteen-year-old daughter, Alca, to get on in the world better than she had herself, and she asked Mrs. Buhay if Alca, who was coming to the city, could live with her until she felt at home. Mrs. Buhay consented and early that August Alca came to live with her.

Alca was a small-town girl with not much schooling but she was quick and intelligent, fond of music, had thick natural-blond hair with brown eyes and a lovely little rounded figure. Mrs. Buhay liked her. She bought her a smart white linen suit and got her a job in a music store selling records. By September she realized that until Alca had come she had been unbearably lonely at night in the apartment.

Every evening she used to wait for Alca to come home so they could have a cup of coffee together before going to bed. Alca would get into her pyjamas and Mrs. Buhay would put on her gaudy blue dressing gown and they would sit in the kitchen joking with each other. Alca, who wasn't at all shy, liked listening to Mrs. Buhay's salty stories, and Mrs. Buhay, touched by her eagerness, her prettiness and her softness, often wanted to put her arms around her protectively.

She tried to teach her everything she knew. She told her about her own life in big hotels in many cities. She told her about clothes and how to handle customers in the store and she talked about men, too, with a coarse good-natured smiling contempt. Her plump elbows were on the table, her dressing gown flopped open and showed her great bosom and she nodded wisely at Alca.

"You're pretty, Alca, honey. You've got it. But even a blind shoeshine boy knows when a girl's got it and it makes her a

Continued on page 59

By Morley Callaghan

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON





The Commandos have just blown up a Reserve Army ammunition dump. Concealed behind a log they prepare to mop up any troops who have survived.



Leader Jim Flynn at his ranch.

Jim Flynn's Private Army

Having as much fun as a bunch of kids playing cowboys and Indians, the forty self-styled Cowichan Commandos use rotten eggs and blank ammunition as they provide an enemy to keep the militia on its toes

FOR THE Reserve Army troops of the 198th Battery, 66th Light Anti-Aircraft regiment, of Duncan, B.C., the infamous battle of October 4, 1953, started out as mildly as any other mock warfare exercise.

They were tracking an elusive "enemy" through the jungle-like Vancouver Island forest near Lake Cowichan, fifty miles northwest of Victoria. All morning they labored over fallen logs and up steep slopes. At noon, panting but triumphant, they surrounded enemy headquarters.

According to the unwritten rules of mock warfare, both sides should then have fired a few volleys of blank ammunition; the enemy should have bowed to superior numbers and the battle umpires should have given the day to the army.

Instead, as the army advanced, a great bear of a man in lumberman's jacket and battered felt hat sprang from the shrubbery with a strange war cry: "Cowichan Commandos—se-e-e-cret weapon!" Then he hit the foremost sergeant between the eyes with a rotten egg.

Other "enemy" troops leaped from hiding with more rotten eggs. For five minutes the air was heavy with eggshell and an overpowering stench.

By ROBERT COLLINS

PHOTOS BY JACK LONG

The attack wavered, broke and became a rout. It was then the army realized that rules, written or unwritten, mean nothing to the Cowichan Commandos, a ragtag band of part-time guerrillas, numbering anywhere from seven to forty, commanded by a chicken farmer named James A. Flynn and including a lawyer, lumberjack, banker, carpenter, insurance salesman, Polish Navy veteran, former German Army corporal and a farm boy with flat feet.

"We simply gave the army an object lesson —when you're attacked by superior numbers, don't stand there waving a bloody flag," says Flynn, a tall gaunt profane man of thirty-three, who spent four years in the World War II Canadian Navy and came out a lieutenant. "You've got to use imaginative unorthodox tactics."

With such tactics Flynn's private army—which has few weapons, no pay, no uniforms and no

recognition from the Canadian government—has made life miserable for the Duncan Reserves. The Commandos have nothing against the reservists; indeed, they usually join them in a beer after a battle. But they are dedicated to their self-appointed task of sprucing up Canada's Reserve Army, which Flynn thinks is in a frightful state.

"Our peacetime militia has always been a dud," he claims. "You can't blame the men. They've had no *esprit de corps* and no interesting training. For one thing, experienced officers and non-coms are bogged down with paper work. Training is often turned over to inexperienced hands. For another thing, when they go out for a field exercise, they have to split the group in half so they'll have an enemy. They never have an opportunity to fight as a unit."

Although Ottawa doesn't officially recognize the Commandos, there's no ban on them either, so they've voluntarily served as enemy for the Duncan Reserves ever since the May, 1953, night when their band was born over a drink in the local officers' mess. Flynn was the guest of Major Ted Sutton, reservist commanding officer, that night.

"We're going on an exercise this week end,"

**From zero-hour plans
to sampling the loot, the
ragtag Commandos
enjoy a rousing night of
harrying the Reserves**

Sutton said. "I wish we had something a bit different to do."

For months Flynn had been harboring his theories about the Reserves. During World War II he participated in navy-army-airforce combined operations, including the Normandy invasion. He particularly admired commando tactics. Now he saw his opening.

"How'd it be if I round up a few men from Cowichan way to act as enemy?" he suggested.

Sutton thought it would be all right.

"What'll you call them?"

"Well, the thing I have in mind is a sort of hit-and-run commando force — that's it — the Cowichan Commandos!"

Playing enemy is only part of the Commando role.

"In the past Canada's always had time to revive the militia after a war started," says Flynn. "If there's another war, there'll be no time. It'll be right on our doorstep. That's why we want Ottawa to form commando units wherever there is a Reserve Army. We'd help train the Reserves in peacetime and, in the event of war, we'd become a home guard or guerrilla unit."

With these objectives the Cowichan Commandos have tackled the Duncan Reserves five times in the past two years in the strangest skirmishes the Island has seen since 1843 when the defenders of Fort Victoria peppered a band of thieving Indians with grapeshot.

The Commandos' methods and equipment are both crude. They make their own blank ammunition with powder, empty rifle shells and paper wadding. For a while they manufactured hand grenades and land mines from stump-blasting powder, fuses, matches and cigarette boxes. Once they bobbed into battle from the sea, aboard a dilapidated war-surplus landing craft. On another raid Flynn persuaded the RCAF to drop paper-bag flour bombs (which turn to paste on rainy days) on army-held bridges and army guards.

During the first field exercise in 1953 one Commando stole a Reserve officer's trousers from the army camp overnight and nailed them to the door of the Duncan armories. Another night a Commando crept near an army tent, spied two officers lounging just inside the flap with tumblers of Scotch and surreptitiously broke a rotten egg into the nearest man's drink. Rotten eggs are now outlawed at the army's request.

The Commandos realize, of course, that eggs and horseplay won't defend Vancouver Island if the island ever needs defense. From the beginning they've clamored for government recognition and with it Flynn wants a modest supply of rifles, blank ammunition, a mortar, one or two castoff walkie-talkies, some practice grenades and perhaps some distinguishing arm bands.

"Then we'd have an annual training scheme — lectures, bush survival and battle exercises, rifle, demolition and foot drill," he says. "We'd build a camouflaged barracks in the bush. We'd salvage the thousands of old logging-truck tires that are discarded every

Continued on page 43



At hatchery HQ township councilor George Whittaker briefs his fellow Commandos on the night's attack.



Whittaker and Mills make explosive charges for the attack out of wire and stump-blasting powder.



Salesman Sinden and carpenter Mills check their gear. They load ancient .303s with blank shells.



Led by Whittaker a Commando patrol sneaks through the bush cover to surprise the unsuspecting Reserves.

The Commandos return victorious to HQ where they yarn and taste the spoils they took from Army stores.



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BY MCKENZIE PORTER PHOTOS BY JACK LONG



The Vancouver skyline from the ferry. Bustling tugs tow scows, barges, liners and rafts to port.

A COOK'S TOURS official once described the twelve-minute ferry voyage across Vancouver harbor as "the best ten cents worth of travel in the world." It's a statement with which most of the city's visiting globetrotters can agree. For a dime they can travel the world.

Mile-high mountains leaping sheer out of the water suggest the settings of Naples and Rio. The white liners and freighters, yachts and yawls, men-o'-war, packets, tugs and scows offer a motley shipping scene that rivals Liverpool's or New York's. Few harbors outside Tahiti or Honolulu are ringed by such a diverse racial rainbow of white, yellow, red, brown and black men. And what other harbor, save perhaps San Francisco, can brag of having transformed, in less than a century, a single tavern into a city of half a million?



A Vancouver ferry ride is an exhilarating experience. The spume stings pink patches into the cheeks. The air is heady with appetizing whiffs of coffee, apples, cheese and fish. In the words of one tourist, the cry of gulls, the whirr of anchor chains, the blare of foghorns, the rat-a-tat of riveters and the kiss of the wash are "a sonic tonic."

Robert Allison Hood, a Vancouver poet, is sometimes visited by his muse aboard the ferry. Canadian artists frequently take the ferry to catch the mood of seascapes they plan to paint. Sir John Barbirolli, the English orchestra conductor, advised one aspiring young composer that a journey on the ferry was enough to inspire a suite.

Even the three thousand commuters who fill the two tubby old boats every rush hour are never free of the spell. Periodically, when some alderman suggests closing down the service—because it loses seventy thousand tax dollars a year and alternative services are available by bus and bridge—the commuters hold successful protest meetings.

Members of the Vancouver Ship Society, who study vessels through binoculars like bird watchers,

would be lost without the ferry. Charles P. Cunliffe, a retired hospital employee, who is one of them, says: "The ferry is what you might call our grandstand."

It runs from the separate municipality of North Vancouver to the downtown area of Metropolitan Vancouver across a harbor that nestles in a three-by-nine-mile sweep of water named Burrard Inlet.

The inlet is ringed by a solid hoop of warehouses, grain elevators, sawmills, factories, packing plants, shipbuilding yards, office blocks, railroad sidings, taverns, cafés, and endless undulating thickets of masts. Ninety-eight miles of piers are on the harbor fringe and it has been estimated that every day thirty thousand people work on the waterfront.

The twin peaks of the Lions and the huge dromedary hump of Grouse Mountain rise five thousand feet above the North Shore docks, their summits snow-capped six months of the year, and their flanks speckled halfway up by suburban bungalows. Behind the South Shore docks is the whaleback peninsula dividing Burrard Inlet from the Fraser River delta. On its two westerly

promontories are Stanley Park and the University of British Columbia campus. The rest of it is covered with the right-angled streets of neat suburbs and the lofty waterfront skyline of Vancouver's business section.

At the western and eastern extremities of the harbor are two bottlenecks named the First and Second Narrows. The First Narrows, an exit to the open Pacific, is spanned by the famous Lion's Gate Bridge, an elegant suspension bridge built in the Thirties by the makers of Guinness stout for the homebuilders to whom they sold lots on the swanky heights of West Vancouver.

The Second Narrows gives passage to tugs, log booms and small supply craft plying between Vancouver and lumber camps situated up a long inland sweep of Burrard Inlet named the North Arm. The bridge over the Second Narrows is a shabby old structure that has to be raised every time a ship goes through. Because it is always being bent in collisions it is nicknamed the Bridge of Sighs.

From west to east along the busier South Shore the moored vessels grow progressively bigger. Near the First Narrows are the gaily colored craft of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, rising on the swell like floating confetti. Nearby are the nodding masts of fishing boats, ranging in size from one-man trollers to sixteen-man seine netters. Next are the police boats, fireboats, pilot boats and floating gas stations. Then

come the three-funnel Victoria steamers of the CPR and the one-funnel Alaska steamers of the CNR. Finally, toward the Second Narrows, lie the big merchantmen of a dozen famous lines.

Until the outbreak of the last war one of the White Empresses was always tied up at the CPR dock. Now passenger service to the Orient has been taken over by CPA liners. Though seaborne passenger traffic is dwindling the big Orient Line steamers, the Oronsay, Orion, Orcades and Orsova, still put in on round-the-world cruises between the United Kingdom and Australia.

Nudged into the wharfs between other shipping are the barges and scows that take advantage of B. C.'s smooth fjordal waters and make the towing industry the port's most distinctive feature.



The ferries bob as floating gas stations (above) and freighters from around the world pass them.



The ferries bob as floating gas stations (above) and freighters from around the world pass them.



With sleek masts and shining hulls, the Royal Yacht Club is a showcase for marine rubbernecks.

The two ferryboats are ramp-ended and identical at stem and stern. Each can carry thirty cars on the lower deck and six hundred passengers on a glassed upper deck. They move backward and forward without turning round, maintain a twenty-minute service from both shores, and provide coffee and doughnuts for the twelve passengers who win the rush-hour race to the snack bar.

Because they look more like London omnibuses than boats they are considered unworthy of a name and must bear up under the humiliating identification of Number Four and Number Five. The numerals denote their degree of succession from old Number One which started the run about sixty years ago.

It's best to take your first ferry ride from the North Shore. Here, next door to the ferry slip, in the tugboat yards of Charles H. Cates and Sons, among a litter of old boilers, fenders and cables, lies the true emblem of the harbor's history. It is the bent and rusting anchor of the Beaver, the first steamer in Vancouver waters.

The Beaver was a chubby little wooden side-wheeler with a stack like a stove chimney. Built in England in 1834 for the Hudson's Bay Company

fort at Victoria, she was launched under the bleary eyes of William IV and sailed around South America under canvas because she couldn't carry enough coal to make the trip by steam.

She helped feed the twenty thousand miners who in 1854 left Victoria, swarmed up the Fraser River in search of gold and brought civilization to the B. C. mainland.

She took casks of rum to the lumbermen's pub opened on the Vancouver peninsula in 1867 by a Falstaffian and garrulous character known as "Gassy Jack" Deighton. Soon lumbermen began to clear the peninsula for a hamlet named Gastown in honor of Deighton. They imported wives and raised families. Wanting a more dignified address the women had Gastown's name changed to Granville.

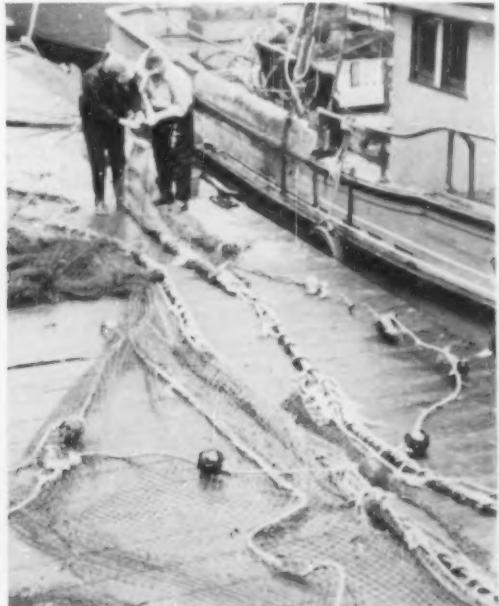
By 1887, when William Van Horne brought his railway over the Rockies, and renamed Granville for Captain George Vancouver, its first explorer, the Beaver was puffing through a harbor that had become a frenzied empire of lumber, mining and fishing millionaires.

One year later the little boat foundered just outside the harbor. At low tide citizens fought over her skeleton for

Continued on page 34



On a government dock fishermen repair nets. The B. C. marine harvest is worth \$70 millions a year.



The busiest sight from the ferry is the booming logging industry. It keeps 4,000 tug men busy.



At three she went west in a cape.



Now she recalls the joys and tears. Neighbors were often twenty miles away. Some, like this Hungarian family, shared their chinked home with their livestock.



I grew up with Saskatchewan

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

The year Saskatchewan entered Confederation this writer, as a child of three, rode by oxcart to a land of wolf willow and sagebrush. Now, as the province celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, she looks back fondly on her prairie childhood



An oxcart carried the author to a quarter-section north of Regina. Here's one just leaving Moose Jaw.



A bachelor settler threw up this shack of poplar.



The author briefly attended the school at Leross.



Rancher Jim Smart (on chair, foreground) was host at a bunting-decked picnic at Saskatchewan Landing.

“IS this it?” asked my mother as father yelled “Whoa, there!” to Sandy and Pat, the oxen he had bought at Fort Qu’Appelle.

I’m sure mother tried to make her voice sound eager; she was a gallant woman. But there she perched, a trim, slim figure in her modish London costume, high on top of the wagonload of the family’s possessions, our settlers’ effects. With her perched her two babies, dressed in capes and bonnets of the very material the Antarctic explorer, Nansen, had recently selected for his trip to the South Pole. Worshipping father as she did, she had to sound eager as he proudly held the oxen he had led all the thirty miles from the Qu’Appelle valley to the virgin parkland that eventually became Headlands P.O.

“It” was something that existed only in father’s mind—until he pointed to the four tiny mounds of newly dug earth beside the surveyor’s mark, the mounds that indicated that here was the northeast corner of the quarter-section he hoped to farm. “It” was endless miles of prairie, dotted with poplar bluffs and sloughs. “It” was a vast inverted bowl of blue sky dotted with soft white clouds. Not a building was in sight. Not a sign of habitation. No shelter to which one could go and imagine that this was home. Nothing but our fragment of sky and water and scrub trees and virgin grass.

I was scarcely three when we arrived and can’t remember anything of the first years, not the tent with its tiny stove, nor the log house with a sod roof soon covered with flowers and weeds and grass to which we moved on mother’s birthday, September 21, 1905. I can’t even remember the arrival of the first Canadian-born babies, my younger sisters Sylvia and Dorothy. Yet so vivid were mother’s descriptions that even now I have only to close my eyes to see those wide prairie skies. I can smell the pungent smells of Balm of Gilead and wolf willow and the sharp tang of grass smoke—prairie fires! I can hear the song of a lark, feel winter’s cold.

For I grew up with Saskatchewan. I was an infant when Saskatchewan was an infant, an adolescent when Saskatchewan was an adolescent. I shared its salad days along with some of its grimmest hours, watched prairie ruts changed to

paved highways, and the loneliness that broke many a woman’s spirit—and some men’s, too—disappear.

Saskatchewan became a province the year we arrived in Canada from England. Growing up on father’s farm with its deep furrows cut into virgin soil, and at Swift Current where we lived when I went to high school, I became part of it. I became part of the beauty and hardness, part of the hope and frustration, part, too, of the song of loneliness which Wilson MacDonald wrote into his couplet:

*And when I lie at the skyline’s rim,
Where I and this life must part,
You’ll find the sagebrush in my hair,
And the cactus through my heart.*

Was there, perhaps, some link with the sagebrush and the gorse on a Yorkshire moor beloved of my father’s people? Could it be due to grandmother’s legend about the gypsies who camped long ago near her husband’s ancestral land? Or was it the prairies themselves and I—a love affair, surely; an affair not to be defined in words but felt deeply in the very fibre of your being and to music of the spaces, like a Tchaikovsky piano concerto?

It was madness, the relatives in England said, for a man to bring a civilized woman and two babies to the wilds of western Canada where the Indians had fought white settlers for possession of their aboriginal lands only twenty years before, where the only link with civilization was the still very new CPR. No schools, no churches, no doctors within miles. Nothing that you could see except millions of acres of virgin soil. None of the deep-cut, time-worn marks of generations of people who had built homes, tilled fields, piled up records of their past and lighted beacons for the future. Indeed, the sole tie between all the new-



To get poles for the vaulting pit at a sports day on the treeless prairie meant a thirty-mile trip.



Swift Current businessman Arthur Washington drove the author and her five sisters to a Sunday picnic.

comers in the new province was a common future.

For the English and Scottish settlers; the folk from old Ontario and the States; our Hungarian neighbors, the Gonzias, or the Jewish Jonas family who had a grand piano in their crowded log shack; for all the emigrants then caricatured as “Clifford Sifton’s man in the sheepskin coat with the big broad wife”; for all of us it was a future without a past to guide it. There were no known roots reaching down deep—deep like prairie grass—no past records to turn to for reassurance in time of trouble. Neighbors lived five, or ten, or twenty miles away. The nearest supply of firewood, other than the green poplar from which many of the houses were built, was a day-long trip to the Touchwood Hills.

We knew nothing in those early pioneering years of the fur trade and exploration that had lured white men, a hundred and fifty years earlier, across this continent by the Saskatchewan River. Our reading was the occasional bundle of outdated issues of the Winnipeg Free Press, the also outdated overseas edition of the London Times, and the books each family had brought from home—in our case Kingsley and Lewis Carroll and Kipling and the gay works of Gilbert and Sullivan. Only later did we learn of the spirited fight recently lost by the chairman of the executive council of the then North West Territories, F. W. G. Haultain, to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Haultain wanted one vast 550,000-square-mile province instead of the present provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

As a girl I had a seat in the bleachers if not at the ringside, in some of Saskatchewan’s big events, and no event meant more to the newcomers than the development of the earliest municipalities. John George was the first reeve, and father the first secretary of the rural municipality of Kelross, founded in 1906. Ours was similar to other municipalities radiating from Regina and all the other new towns such as Saskatoon and Battleford, Moose Jaw and Swift Current.

And none of the first efforts of those little local governments was more important than the first roads, as we well knew. We lived on the deep-rutted Touchwood Trail and father hauled many an early settler out of its mud. Tradition had it that those ruts were tramped out *Continued on page 38*

SASKATCHEWAN and ALBERTA this year celebrate their golden jubilees. This article by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell is one of the special features telling the story of the prairies that Maclean’s plans to publish over the year.



The Tourist Who'll Never Go Home

Nineteen years ago Harold Metcalfe left Ottawa for a rubberneck trip to London. He fell so completely under its spell that he stayed to make others do the same. Now tourists from Aden to Antigonish see the sights through the rose-colored glasses of "the Canadian Guide"

By MARJORIE EARL

PHOTOS BY FELIX FONTEYN

Metcalfe cycles past Big Ben on his way to meet the party he's going to show around London.



Tourists from all over the world listen on the steps of the Hall to Metcalfe relate how it survived the fire of 1834.



Early bird Rita Shepherd greets him at Coeur de Lion's statue.



Standing on the statue's base, he tells tales of nearby Westminster Hall while awaiting the rest of his party.

AN ARAB businessman about to return to the desert after a holiday in England recently expressed his feelings about leaving in the following words: "The more I stay in this great London the more I feel love and deepest inclination. As the time of my departure draws near my heart beats go faster and were it not for dear home and dear family I would say, 'I shall never leave this noble city, nay the resumé of the whole world.'"

These sentiments were not induced entirely by the city. They were addressed to a fifty-nine-year-old Canadian named Harold Metcalfe, who had a hand in creating them.

Technically Metcalfe is one of an army of tourists' guides trained by the British Travel Association to show visitors the sights. Spiritually he stands apart from the army as a kind of tourists' Cupid dedicated to making visitors fall in love with London.

For five days a week he plans his attack as a librarian in the Ministry of Supply. But at noon on the sixth day, and sometimes in the evenings, he becomes the chubby little god of guiding, his quiver bulging with illuminating shafts of history plucked from the four hundred books on London in his private library, his bow drawn to pierce the hearts of his victims with a permanent passion for the city that has been his home since he left Canada in 1936.

Metcalfe came to London from Ottawa nineteen years ago as a tourist and fell in love with the city. So completely was he captivated that he decided to stay. Two years later, after a series of temporary jobs, he joined the British Civil Service and became a permanent resident.

In the winter of 1951-52 the British Travel Association decided to train extra guides in preparation for the Festival of Britain. Met-

calfe applied and his abiding passion swept him to first place in a class of a hundred and forty guides. The course of study, requiring trainees to read one hundred and forty-two books, consisted of evening lectures on everything from Egyptian art to sewerage systems, supplemented by Saturday tours under a tutor. In the end Metcalfe was convinced that for him, guiding was a true avocation.

"It's more of a hobby than a business," he says, explaining that he cannot calculate his earnings because these are mainly tips. He specializes in Westminster Abbey, the London Zoo, the Tower at night, a Victorian music hall called the Players' Theatre Club and the Houses of Parliament. Most of his customers come from the steady stream of tourists who visit the Houses of Parliament. Every Saturday afternoon he is assigned three groups of sightseers.

"At the end of each tour I simply pass out my business card, tell the tourists about the other things I do and before long I have a crowd for the Abbey at four o'clock and my date book for the week is full." He also sends his name, address and qualifications to the various foreign embassies and consulates in London and always invites his customers to send their friends.

Metcalfe is known simply as "the Canadian Guide" to the police around the Houses of Parliament. He is about five feet tall and compactly built, his pink face smooth and unlined and his pink head fringed with fluffy white hair. He rarely walks. He rides to a rendezvous with tourists on a weather-beaten bicycle because he says, "Public transport cannot be relied on and a guide must never be late."

When he reaches his destination he removes his Basque beret, stuffs it into the pocket of his English mackintosh, completes his disguise as an



In the Victorian atmosphere of the Players' Theatre Club Metcalfe's group sings sad songs of the era.

Englishman by removing a long, rolled umbrella from a silk stocking fixed lengthwise to the crossbar of his bicycle, fastens the bike to a convenient lamppost with a padlock and a yard of rusty chain, takes a gulp of strong tea from the thermos flask in his saddle bag, then bounces off to mesmerize the tourists with historical small talk.

A sample of Metcalfe's arresting technique is his description of the grave of playwright Ben Jonson, who was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1637. "Ben Jonson was a very mean man," he says, tapping his umbrella on a shabby two-foot square in the old stone floor faintly inscribed with the words, 'O Rare Ben Jonson.' "One day in the abbey the abbot asked him if he intended to be buried here. 'Heavens no!' replied Jonson. 'I cannot afford it.' So they made a deal. Jonson bought two square feet. *Continued on next page*



The open galleries of the George Inn at Southwark (left) catch the party's eyes. At the bar (above) they laugh at Metcalfe's anecdotes about guiding.

Tickets for the ceremony of The Keys at the Tower must be ordered well ahead.



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE COUNTRY GIRL: Bing Crosby, after ambling across the screen for twenty years in the role of Bing Crosby, suddenly joins the ranks of Hollywood's most effective realistic actors by giving a creative performance as an alcoholic has-been. Scripter-director George Seaton has intelligently adapted the Clifford Odets drama of show-business life. Grace Kelly as the ex-star's grimly gallant wife and William Holden as a loyal but tough-minded director are also admirably in evidence.

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI: Except for some rather fuzzy chitchat about the reasons civilians agree to go to war, this is an exceptionally strong and honest drama about Korea in 1952 — with an ending that will stun a lot of the customers. With William Holden, Fredric March, Grace Kelly, Mickey Rooney.

CARMEN JONES: Bizet's opera, updated and Americanized by Oscar Hammerstein II but with the famous melodies intact, now becomes a colorful and exciting wide-screen movie, although the Franco-Spanish flavor of the original doesn't always suit the film's Chicago Negroes. With Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte.

CHANCE MEETING: Despite a rather wobbly ending, this British drama is a good deal more adult and sensitive than the usual boy-meets-girl story, with East-versus-West political tensions in London as its background. Odile Versois and David Knight are the troubled sweethearts. (British title: *The Young Lovers*.)

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA: Jules Verne's classic underwater fantasy has been decked out with a few atomic-age revisions under Walt Disney's guidance. It's quite a show. With James Mason, Kirk Douglas, and a CinemaScope sea monster.

THE VIOLENT MEN: A lavish wide-screen western, pretentious and imitative, with a couple of fine action scenes and too much sadistic mayhem. With Edward G. Robinson, Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck, Dianne Foster.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aida: Opera. Excellent.
Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense. Good.
The Barefoot Contessa: Drama. Good.
The Beachcomber: Comedy. Fair.
Beau Brummell: Costume drama. Fair.
The Belles of St. Trinian's: Comedy. Good.
Bengal Brigade: Adventure. Fair.
Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.
Bob Mathias Story: Athletics. Good.
The Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.
Brigadoon: Fantasy-musical. Fair.
Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.
The Caine Mutiny: Drama. Good.
Crest of the Wave: Drama. Fair.
Deep in My Heart: Musical. Fair.
Désirée: Historical drama. Fair.
Dragnet: Brutal whodunit. Fair.
Drive a Crooked Road: Crime. Good.
The Egyptian: Drama. Fair.
Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy. Good.
Final Test: British comedy. Good.
4 Guns to the Border: Western. Fair.
Garden of Evil: Drama. Fair.
Hansel and Gretel: Puppet fantasy for children. Good.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent.
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.
The Last Time I Saw Paris: Drama. Fair.

Leave of Life: Drama. Good.
Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
Operation Manhunt: Drama. Good.
Passion: Revenge drama. Poor.
Pushover: Crime & suspense. Good.
The Raid: Action drama. Good.
Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent.
Ring of Fear: Circus drama. Fair.
Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.
Sabrina: Comedy. Excellent.
7 Brides for 7 Brothers: Widescreen musical. Excellent.
The Sleeping Tiger: Drama. Poor.
So This Is Paris: Musical. Fair.
A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.
The Student Prince: Musical. Fair.
Suddenly: Suspense drama. Good.
There's No Business Like Show Business: Musical. Good.
This Is My Love: Drama. Poor.
Three Hours to Kill: Drama. Fair.
Three Ring Circus: Comedy. Fair.
Tonight's the Night: Comedy. Good.
Trouble in the Glen: Comedy. Poor.
The Vanishing Prairie: Walt Disney wildlife feature. Excellent.
Woman's World: Comedy-drama. Good.
Young at Heart: Music-drama. Fair.

and agreed to be buried standing up.

"After the funeral one of his friends asked if any arrangements had been made to put a marker on the grave. None had so the friend instructed a stonemason to inscribe 'Orare Ben Jonson' which means 'pray for Ben Jonson.' The stonemason didn't understand Latin so he separated the 'O' from the rest of the verb leaving this appropriate memorial."

Metcalfe is an expert on Westminster Abbey. To prepare himself to discuss it (he did not consider his training as a guide nearly adequate) he read between three and four hundred books. Every lunch hour for more than a year he bounced from his office in Whitehall to the abbey to study the inscriptions on its tombs and memorials and to place each one on a scale plan. At home he looked up the names of the dead, illustrious or otherwise, in reference books and "discarded all those without a good story."

It distresses Metcalfe to see tourists determinedly reading the long epitaphs on many of the abbey's ornate tombs.

Before a tour he tells the party that he will pass these without comment because, "in the eighteenth century anyone with money was buried in the abbey and as a consequence it is cluttered with wonderful-looking tombs and memorials to people of no literary or historical account."

He has, however, three favorite epitaphs to people of no account that he always shows to tourists. One is to a seventeenth-century shorthand writer: "Shorthand he wrote, his flowers in prime did fade and hasty death short-hand of him hath made." One, "Jane Lister Dear Child," is notable for its simple dignity and one to an obscure seventeenth-century student is notable for its bad taste: "Thomas Smith who through ye spotted veil of small pox rendered a pure and unspotted soul to God."

Metcalfe also dramatizes a description of a marble memorial to Isaac Casaubon, an illustrious sixteenth-century scholar quite forgotten today. "Notice this marble memorial," he says. "If you look closely you will see the letters 'I.W.' and the date 1658 scratched in one corner. They were placed here by a naughty schoolboy named Izaak Walton, who grew up to write *The Compleat Angler*."

In Westminster Abbey Metcalfe operates on the idea that tourists are "sick to death of churches," that "they don't want a lot of historical facts" and that "they aren't interested in statistics and dimensions." For ordinary tourists he is content to wave a vague and somewhat impious hand at the origins of the abbey.

"It all started with that queer fellow Edward the Confessor, who built the first Palace of Westminster and in 1057 brought the Benedictines here to start building the abbey," he says. He then describes the first coronation, in 1066, when William the Conqueror snatched the crown from the Archbishop of York and clapped it on his own head, challenging all to dispute his right to wear it.

"Poor old Chaucer," he says, pausing at the poet's tomb. "He couldn't make a living as a writer, so he got a job as clerk in the abbey. He was buried here not because he was regarded as much of a poet but because he was one of the employees."

Metcalfe is always looking for new stories and sometimes he gets a lead from a tourist. Once an American asked to be shown the tomb of "the umbrella man." "You mean Neville Chamberlain?" Metcalfe suggested. "No I don't," said the American, who was unable to supply any clues about whom he did mean.

Metcalfe searched through his refer-

ence books until he discovered that the American referred to Jonas Hanway, an eighteenth-century philanthropist. Hanway visited Persia in 1743 and returned to England with the first umbrella ever seen in the Western world. In rain-soaked London it caught on so quickly that the makers of sedan chairs, their business threatened, hired small boys to pelt Hanway with mud whenever he appeared on the streets.

Metcalfe is always careful not to offend. "I never say 'Bloody Mary' but always 'Mary Tudor' in case there may be Catholics in the party," he explains. Once he offended two Canadian clergymen when he showed them the grave of Old Tom Parr, the oldest citizen in British history. Old Tom died in London in 1634 in his 154th year as a result of the immoderate entertainments provided for him by King Charles I. One night at a feast in the palace the king asked Tom for the story of his life. Tom boasted that when he was 103 he had been put in the stocks for fathering an illegitimate child.

"That was the end of the tour," says Metcalfe. "When I told that story the clergymen clapped their hats on their heads and stalked out."

He likes to comment on the British character. "Do you see these ducks?" he asks, pointing to a small pond near the abbey's east entrance. "The English are such lovers of birds that they have made London unique. It is the only city in the world that is a bird sanctuary. Wild fowl, migrating from Scandinavia to South Africa, break their flight in the parks of central London."

He's Icing for the Cake

Guides are not supposed to engage in political discussions with tourists but when Metcalfe is asked about the Red Dean of Canterbury he turns his explanation into another example of national tolerance.

"Canterbury Cathedral, like Westminster Abbey, is one of seven Royal Peculiars where the dean is appointed by the sovereign for life to be absolute master of the fabric of his church. In 1931 the Ramsay MacDonald Labour Government asked the King to appoint to the vacant deanship of Canterbury a young radical clergyman named Dr. Hewlett Johnson. He holds this post today and it is a tribute to the British that they will not break tradition to dislodge him because of his political views."

Metcalfe did not consider himself a particularly good student at the guide school and was astonished when he came first in class. He was so upset by his first practice tour that he began touring at his own expense to learn from other guides. When he graduated he considered he had "barely scratched the surface" although every tourist agency in London offered him a job at a premium salary because of his high standing. At the end of his final test in Westminster Abbey one of the judges, the director of a leading tourist agency, whispered: "Metcalfe, if you want to be the best guide in London come to see me tomorrow."

The next morning he patted Metcalfe's shoulder and urged: "I want you to take all our tours free of charge. Go as often as you like, wherever you like. Learn everything!" Metcalfe duly traveled to Canterbury, Winchester, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Cambridge and the great country houses around London, learning everything.

At the end of this supplementary training, when he revealed that he was a civil servant and didn't want a full-time job his benefactor was enraged.

"He said, 'Take the tours' so I took



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Governor General Lord Beauchamp — January 25th, 1932.

them," explains Metcalfe. "We're friends now, though. I send my people to him for set tours and he sends customers to me for extras."

Metcalfe likes to think of himself as the icing on the cake provided by the travel agencies. At first he found it hard to get part-time work so he resorted to soliciting business outside Westminster Abbey. The vergers objected to this undignified conduct and one day told him that touting wasn't permitted. Metcalfe refused to budge. "I hold to the Canadian point of view — if you have something to sell, sell it," he maintained stoutly. "I have something to sell and what's more, I intend to sell it."

One day he approached two well-dressed American men standing in Westminster Square and invited them to accompany him over the abbey. They agreed. When the tour ended he asked for their names and addresses. One proved to be Dr. Omar Pancoast, food officer for Western Germany under Gen. Lucius Clay, and the other, Anthony Masciaiarelli, commissioner of markets for New York City. "Masciaiarelli sends me a tinned turkey every Christmas and between them they send me more customers than any other ten people," Metcalfe says.

Many of his customers send their friends and many send presents. In one six-week interval recently he received six litres of olive oil from Tunis, five pounds of chocolates from Switzerland, a cheese from France, a box of raisins from Saudi Arabia, a crate of oranges from Palestine and some geological specimens from Norway.

The presents are usually for small favors outside the province of guiding. Metcalfe's head is stuffed with oddments of useful information such as where to eat well and cheaply, where to shop and what to buy, how to rent a car and where to park the children while you see the sights. He takes the names and addresses of everyone in his parties and when they get home he writes to them. He sometimes writes fourteen letters in a single evening. He submits all names and addresses to the British Travel Association and the Canadian Tourist Bureau with a request to forward travel literature.

On a second appointment a tourist is often immensely flattered to find that Metcalfe knows all about him. Once at the House of Commons a tourist gave his name as Guy Stewart, and his address as a small town in California. The following night Stewart accompanied Metcalfe to the Players' Theatre Club. He was astonished when Metcalfe signed his name in the visitors' book: Dr. Guy Robertson Stewart, professor of plant ecology, University of Southern California.

"I looked him up in Who's Who and couldn't find him," Metcalfe says. "So I tried American Men of Science and discovered he was the world's leading authority on plant ecology."

The Players' Theatre Club is Metcalfe's only concession to London's night life. "I hate night clubs," he says. A favorite with the tourists, the Players' Club is a modern, but authentic copy of a Victorian song-and-supper club where the spectators consume neo-Victorian hot dogs, sandwiches and ale while they hiss the villain, cheer the heroine and join in the choruses of lugubrious nineteenth-century ballads with such titles as *She Has Fallen by the Wayside* and *Please Sell No More Drink to My Father*.

The performers, dressed in real Victorian costumes down to their corsets and underwear, rigidly ignore all wars since the Boer, all twentieth-century social changes and all monarchs after Victoria, who is toasted every night. This typical British humor sometimes

baffles Metcalfe's guests. The chairman always asks tourists to identify themselves. Once Metcalfe introduced an elderly woman from Johannesburg, South Africa. "Tell me madam," asked the chairman, "how is Dr. Livingstone getting on with his work in your country?" "I'm not as old as all that," she cried furiously.

On another occasion one of Metcalfe's guests was a representative of the Soviet news agency, Tass. Reluctantly he allowed himself to be introduced and the imperturbable chairman enquired politely about His Imperial Majesty, Czar of all the Russians. Scowling, the Russian buried his chin in his collar and said nothing. Later he scored the chairman bitterly for mentioning the Romanovs to a citizen of the Soviet Union. "The Soviet Union?" repeated the chairman in puzzlement. "Indeed I never heard of it. And I'm sure her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria never heard of it either."

Metcalfe charges one guinea — about three dollars — to take a guest to the Players' Theatre. This pays the admission plus beer and sandwiches, leaving a tip for himself. He gets no fee for

Boot Training

We heave and tug, we strain and wheeze
To pull his boots up to his knees,
Then send our offspring out to play
Upon a snowy, winter day.
Before we give one weary cough
He's in again and wants them off.

BETTY ISLER

his lectures on the Houses of Parliament or Westminster Abbey. The tourists simply tip according to their inclination. Once a jewel-studded maharajah gave nothing although he was obviously enjoying himself for he agreed at the end of the abbey tour to go to the Tower of London that night to watch the ceremony of The Keys. After this he handed Metcalfe three gold sovereigns, worth about thirty-two dollars.

Only forty people are admitted each evening to the locking-up ceremony at the Tower and tickets, which are free, must be ordered months in advance through the resident governor. Metcalfe has a standing order for four tickets every Saturday and Sunday. His charges pay ten shillings per person to see this unique ceremony which hasn't varied by as much as seven seconds in seven centuries. The fee provides tips for the beefeaters, a fast Dickens and Shakespeare tour on the way and a glass of ale. The tour includes Southwark Cathedral, where Shakespeare's brother is buried, the site of the old Globe Theatre where Shakespeare acted and a visit to The George, London's oldest and best-preserved coaching inn, which both Dickens and Shakespeare used.

Metcalfe says that his irregular income from guiding is much less important than the fun he gets out of it. Once on a practice tour of Westminster Abbey, the tutor, a former Shakespearean actor named Norman Webb, put his finger on its chief attraction. "Harold, this is more satisfactory than acting," he confessed. "When you're guiding you're always in the spotlight."

"I think that's why I like it so much," says Metcalfe frankly. "All my life I've had petty jobs that made me feel mean and inconsequential. When I'm guiding I'm inspired because I can capture people's attention and make them love what I love. I

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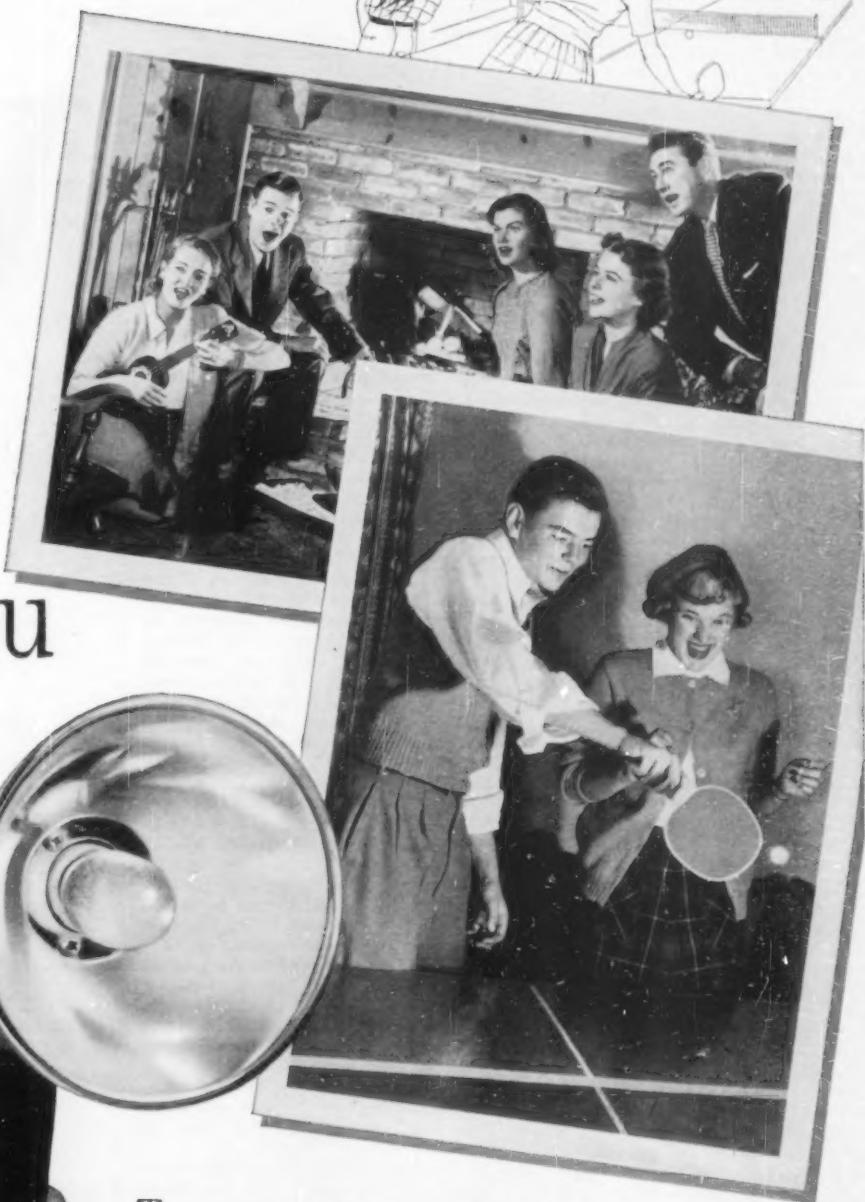
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wish I had started forty years ago."

Forty years ago, after graduating from high school in Riceville, Ont., Metcalfe became a publicist for the Railway Association of Canada. Then for three years he was a real estate agent in St. Anne de Bellevue, Que. "My business failed in 1933 so I went to Ottawa to try to make a living as a free-lance journalist," he says. "I was rather left wing then and I used to review books on Russia, about which I knew absolutely nothing."

Many of his reviews were published and in 1936 Metcalfe used his clippings to obtain a visa to Russia. Except for occasional holidays in France this three-month period is his only experience of tourism. Then, as now, he was opposed to too much organization. "Everything we did was supervised and planned by Intourist, the Soviet Government travel agency," he says. "I objected to spending my time with English and Americans because I wanted to learn something about the Russians."

Still a Tourist at Heart

One night he crashed a carnival in Moscow by presenting an Intourist meal ticket, which he believes the gate keeper was unable to read. A loud-speaker system, blaring the latest American jazz, was hooked up all over the fairground. During an interval in the program Metcalfe vaulted to a platform, snatched a microphone from under the nose of a startled announcer and asked in English and French if anyone present spoke either language. Two students took him in charge.

"They were peasants whose education was being paid for by the Communist Party. They spoke good English and we had a wonderful time. I quizzed them about everything but there was no point in trying to talk to them about Canada. In spite of everything I said they were convinced it was some kind of hell on earth."

On another occasion while visiting a summer resort on the Black Sea, he cashed two Intourist meal tickets at once saying he wished to go on a picnic. He then dressed in Russian clothes, which he bought in a local shop, pretended to be a deaf mute and boarded a train for Rostov. "Three days later, when I got back, they were dragging the Don River for my body," he says. "They didn't let me out of their sight after that."

When his Russian visa expired he settled in England but remained a tourist at heart. He is never tired of sight-seeing and his energy is boundless. It is usually after eleven o'clock on Saturday night when he unlocks his bicycle from its post near Charing Cross station, puts his umbrella back in its silk stocking and pedals off toward home in Putney.

On Sunday morning he rides to the London Zoo carrying a haversack stuffed with nuts, dates, milk and maggots. The milk is for Prince, a stage-struck cheetah who played in the film Caesar and Cleopatra and is now so vain that he poses before any lens. The maggots are for the snakes. Metcalfe eats the nuts and dates.

Sunday mornings the show at the zoo is private—only Fellows of the Royal Zoological Society and their friends are admitted. Metcalfe is a Fellow and takes two tourists with him. They are allowed into the cages to watch the animals being fed and to take pictures.

He once took an American couple into the python's cage and the keeper invited the young wife to hold it. "Ugh, no!" she cried, shrinking back. "That dirty, slimy thing!" "I'll have

you know, madam," said the wounded keeper, "the python is *not* dirty and slimy. It is soft and warm and *very* nice to touch."

Two of the zoo's most interesting exhibits, according to Metcalfe, are the chimpanzees and the King penguins. "Watch out for Spike!" Metcalfe warns, pointing to a surly looking anthropoid. "He's the most accomplished pickpocket in London. I've lost several packages of dates and a handkerchief to him." The trick with penguins, he explains, is not to put your hand out because these otherwise amiable birds might mistake it for a herring and bite it.

When he retires from the civil service Metcalfe intends to become a full-time guide. In preparation for this he is now spending every holiday in Winchester, King Alfred's capital, and "the most entrancing city in England." He is also spending his lunch hours in the British Museum, to bring his information about it up to his abbey level.

In spite of Metcalfe's most devoted efforts not all tourists leave London as deeply affected as the Arab businessman. On one occasion a tall ebony-faced young man from West Africa followed Metcalfe impassively from the Houses of Parliament to Westminster Abbey and then to the Tower. On the way home he spoke his first and last words. Bending down he seized Metcalfe by the coat lapels and said in a deep earnest voice: "Please Mr. Guide, would you kindly sir, justify for me the House of Lords."

To this request Metcalfe could not accede. He does not think it necessary to justify anything and moreover, it is a dangerous practice. A London County Council guide can lose his license by engaging in political controversy. Metcalfe has a staunchly reactionary friend who showed a group of tourists over St. James's Palace in the summer of 1947, when the Labour Government was in power.

"This palace was built for Henry VIII, after a design by the famous artist Hans Holbein, on the site of what was once a hostel for leprosy women," he said, using the conventional guide's spiel. Then he added a hot lick of his own. "In England today we don't have leprosy, we have socialism," he said. One of the tourists reported him to the agency that employed him. He was promptly summoned before the managing director.

"Harrison," said the director sadly, "did you *really* say this?"

"Yes, sir," replied Harrison.

"Good God, man! Don't you know you can't say things like that to tourists?"

"I merely meant, sir," said Harrison blandly, "that under the beneficent socialist health scheme we do not have diseases like leprosy in England any more."

"I am good," Metcalfe says, "but I am not *that* good. I stay away from politics entirely. If my customers want inflammatory arguments I send them to Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park, or Tower Hill to listen to the soapbox orators. It's interesting when you realize that the greatest strongholds of free speech in England were once places of public execution. The condemned man was driven up in a cart and allowed to harangue the country before he was hanged or beheaded. Now it is tradition that anyone can go there and say anything he wants. But a guide must keep his mouth shut."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

enough timber to make a souvenir walking stick.

As the North Shore recedes over the ferry's wake passengers may look back on shipyards where the Beaver's successors came down the ways and where during the last war more than two hundred merchantmen were built to replace the victims of German submarines. Known as Park ships, they were the Canadian equivalent of the American Victory ships. Most of the cheaply welded Victory ships have now broken up while the strongly riveted Park ships are still afloat.

Today, behind a screen of old tramps in for repair and barges needing their bottoms shaved of shellfish, the former Park shipbuilders are turning out new craft for Canada's Navy.

The vessels that prompt most ooohs and aaahs from ferry passengers are the queens of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club. Among these is Xanadu owned by Donald M. Hartnell, a lumbering millionaire. She was built as a Royal Navy subchaser in World War One and throughout Prohibition she was an American rumrunner, but she shows no sign of age in her gleaming lines.

Another luxury ship, capable of sleeping twenty guests, is Senari II, owned by Tom Ayres, a paint-and-varnish manufacturer. In World War Two she was a U. S. subchaser. After the war Garfield Weston, the international biscuit king, bought six of the same class when they were going cheap at ten thousand dollars each. Then he sold them, at no profit to himself, to Ayres and any other Canadian who wanted one and could afford to convert it.

The most successful yacht in the club is Lazy Gal. She has push-button windows, showers, refrigeration, a cocktail bar and four staterooms the size of small hotel suites. Recently, she was bought by Joe Wilkinson, a steel magnate, for \$200,000.

"But don't get the idea," says George G. Fleming, the tall flag captain of the RVYC, "that all powerboat members can afford to fuel their craft with five dollar bills. We have twelve hundred members and most are Ordinary Joes running boats worth a couple of thousand dollars."

Eastern yacht clubs envy the RVYC because Vancouver's temperate climate enables members to voyage all year round. The dinghy men race in mid-winter and are nicknamed Frost Biters. The club's gayest social event is on Christmas Eve when the owners of powerboats set out in convoy up the North Arm to chop Christmas trees.

In summer the club is often visited by Hollywood yachtsmen like Errol Flynn. But it has never had a more adventurous guest than Captain J. C. Voss. Back in 1901 Voss, a retired Vancouver seafarer, bought a redwood log thirty-eight feet long, dug it out Indian fashion, fitted it with a keel, mast, sails and tiny cabin and christened it Tilicum. He sailed her from Vancouver across the Pacific to Australia, through the Indian Ocean to South Africa, over the Atlantic to Brazil, and thence via the Azores to London. Tilicum's adventure was more daring than Kon Tiki's and Voss established forever the reputation of the B. C. coast for seamanship.

When ferry passengers turn to the fishing boats they are looking at B. C.'s fourth industry, worth seventy million dollars a year. The fishermen live largely on the salmon which, between spring and fall, run in five major races

up from the Pacific to their spawning grounds in the Fraser River. Salmon are half the B. C. catch. When they are not running fishermen go for tuna, herring, halibut and crabs. There are no lobsters.

The ferry always offers a good view of the CPR Princess ships and the CNR Prince ships. Most familiar to passengers are the CPR's Princess Joan and Princess Elizabeth which take five hours by day and seven hours by night on the busy eighty-three-mile run to Victoria. These two Princesses each carry five hundred passengers and sixty cars.

The night boat leaves at midnight and has the aura of a hotel. In summer it frequently serves this purpose for people who cannot get rooms in Vancouver. The return fare at \$6.75, plus a stateroom at \$2 up, is not much more expensive than a hotel room. By taking the next morning's boat from Victoria the traveler can be back in Vancouver by early afternoon.

As the ferry reaches midstream passengers see a remarkable paradox. Although Vancouver harbor is one of the world's youngest its waters are cleaved by some of the oldest ships afloat. Dismasted and shorn of sails these former clippers and brigantines lurch along as barges in the tow of masterful little tugs. They carry pulp for the paper mills, sawdust that still heats many Vancouver homes, ore from the upcoast copper and lead mines, oil barrels, coal, bricks, and many other nonperishable cargoes.

Tugs That Tow Fortunes

Among them are the hulls of the Lord Templeton, which billowed into Vancouver in the Eighties with linen from Belfast; the Star of Holland, whose five masts of canvas, in the same era, bore in tea and silks from China; and the Riversdale, whose prow, carved into a suppliant Madonna, bobbed in during the Nineties with tools from Glasgow.

The ferry seldom crosses the harbor without skirting a huge covered scow. About five hundred are operated by some thirty towing companies. They're painted in company colors and look like enormous floating warehouses. Most carry paper from the coastal pulp towns and return with cement, machinery and foodstuffs.

They can hold up to two thousand tons, as much as a small freighter, and sail at a tenth the cost. Three men are all the crew a tug requires. Fork-lift trucks run aboard and fill them as easily as a warehouse. A freighter's power is wasted when she's tied up but while a scow is unloading its tug can dash away and pick up another tow.

In addition to the barges and scows, the tugs haul Davis rafts of logs, ninety feet long and forty-five feet wide, from upcoast lumber camps. But the Davis rafts have had their day. They are sluggish in tow and mulish in rough weather. Soon the logs will be loaded on new bow-ended barges that will cut through the water smoothly. These will cut the time of a log voyage from Queen Charlotte Island in half and ensure supplies in all weather.

Without Vancouver's three hundred tugs B. C.'s logging industry, employing twenty thousand men and grossing five hundred million dollars a year, and her mining industry, employing twenty thousand men and grossing one hundred and fifty millions, would be helpless.

Thus B. C.'s two major sources of wealth are dependent on the four thousand tug men. Most are quiet types who live ashore in neat suburban homes. The masters, who hold coastal-water certificates, earn around \$400

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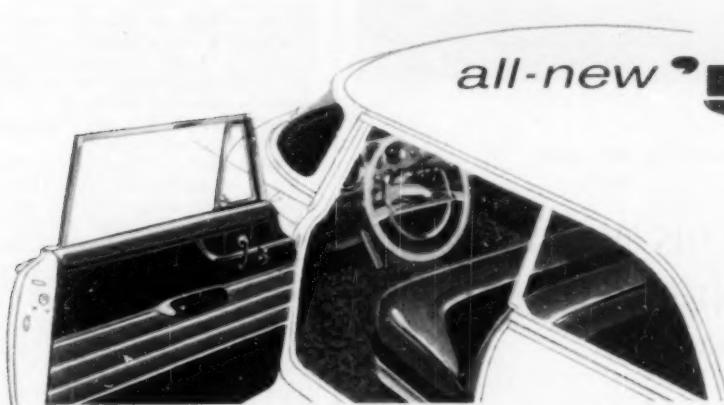
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a month, their mates and engineers around \$375, and the deck hands \$175, plus meals.

During the manpower shortage of the last war there was even a woman master. Eva Forrest could handle a barge or raft like an old sheilback. But she was no Tugboat Annie—she looked more like Audrey Hepburn than like the late Marie Dressler. Vivacious and intelligent, she was so keen on the waterfront that she lived with a girl friend in a home on a log raft. One night a storm blew up, poked the logs through the floor and wrecked their

home. The girls had to be taken off by motorboat.

After the war the waterfront lost its glamour girl. She went to Queen's University, took a medical degree, married a doctor and settled down in Toronto.

B. C. waters take a great deal of knowing. Although the surface is relatively smooth, they are riddled with malignant currents resulting from the diversion of tidal pressures around gulf islands. Frank McMaster, a North Vancouver tugboat engineer, tells of seeing a scow, picked up by an eddy,

overtake its tug on the starboard side, cross the tug's bows, then slip behind it again down the port side, leaving the tug firmly trussed. Last September a towline whipped up under a tug's stern and capsized it in the harbor. Lt.-Cmdr. Charles Seivwright, RCNR, a retired ship's master, once saw a towline spring out of the water in a skipping-rope movement and carry away the tug's mast and funnel.

Nearly four thousand Vancouver coastal ships are equipped with ship-to-shore phones. Their calls go through a special exchange provided by the

B. C. Telephone Company. Life and ship saving are co-ordinated by Captain Cyril Andrews, the tall, lean director of the Towboat Employment Agency. He answers emergency calls from his home, office or car, gets in touch with the tug nearest the stricken ship, and orders it to the rescue. Every day there is at least one rescue or salvage operation.

When CPR's Pier D burned down in 1937 four firemen, driven under the pier by the flames, seemed faced with death by burning or drowning. Then a tug appeared. In her wheelhouse was Captain Charles Cates, the tugboat operator who is now mayor of North Vancouver. Although the heat cracked all the wheelhouse windows Cates hauled the firemen aboard.

In 1945, when the ammunition-laden Greenshields Park caught fire it was imperative to remove another freighter lying alongside her. Up raced Cates in one of his company's tugs and pulled the second freighter clear three minutes before the Greenshields Park blew up with a bang that broke windows for miles around. Many ferry commuters owe a personal debt of gratitude to Cates. A few years ago, when Number Four broke down in midstream and began to whirl toward First Narrows on a dangerous rip tide one of his tugs took her in tow.

Ferry passengers usually become wistful for faraway places when they study the merchant shipping. Vessels come from nearly every free port in the world for lumber, plywoods, canned salmon, mineral ores and Alberta grain. This last is brought by rail over the Rockies and loaded into holds from seven lofty elevators with a capacity of eighteen million bushels.

European merchantmen arriving via the Panama Canal bring anything from hydro-electric turbines, giant mechanical hammers, looms, lathes, automobiles and railroad tracks to chocolate biscuits, daffodil bulbs, socks and thimbles. Oriental merchantmen bring teak, mahogany, rice and tea and, for Vancouver's bustling Chinatown, a hoard of joss sticks, bamboo shoots, paper lanterns, Buddhist idols, ginger, rattan furniture, soya-bean sauce and silk pyjamas.

Approaching the South Shore, the ferry brings the buildings into clearer outline. Nobody can miss the twenty-story Marine Building that dominates the downtown area. Here on the big unpartitioned ground floor below tiers of offices rented by scores of firms involved in shipping, members of the Merchants' Exchange meet.

While ticker tapes spell out world market prices of lumber, copper, grain, wheat, fruit and fish, an importer will talk with a wholesale grocer and sell him an inward cargo of sardines; an exporter will meet a marine underwriter and insure an outward cargo of window frames; a tugboat operator will meet a passenger line's shore captain and arrange to berth a twenty-thousand-ton world-cruise ship; or a salvage-company executive will quote a fishing-company president a price for getting a seine netter off the rocks.

Just below the Marine Building is the old Victorian red-brick Immigration Building, scene of many dramas. Vancouver is often called the Gateway to the Orient. Immigration officials have to administer tactfully laws designed to prevent Vancouver becoming an Oriental city.

The *cause célèbre* of Asians seeking to settle in Vancouver took place in the summer of 1914. At that time an attempt had been made to stem the flow of East Indians by a decree that each must make an uninterrupted journey from his homeland before qualifying for entry. Significantly, no direct



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shipping lines linked Vancouver with India. In India more than three hundred Hindus chartered the Japanese tramp *Komagata Maru* and sailed to Vancouver. They were forbidden entry on arrival because they had broken their journey at Hong Kong and therefore failed to comply with the uninterrupted-passage clause.

A six-week legal battle began. Soon the hapless Hindus aboard the *Komagata Maru* ran out of food. A Court of Appeal decision left the ship with no alternative but to return her passengers to Hong Kong. A Hindu committee aboard the ship announced they would not let it sail unless food and water were put aboard.

Even when the federal government provided food the Hindus wouldn't let the Japanese crew up-anchor. Eventually she was persuaded to depart by two hundred men of the Vancouver Irish Fusiliers who charged up three gangways thrown onto her decks by HMCS *Rainbow*. Eleven days later a bigger war was declared in Europe and the *Komagata Maru* was forgotten.

Among the panorama of roof tops visible to the ferry as she ties up at the South Shore are those of the Flying Angel, a club run by the Anglican Church's Seamen's Mission, and the Vancouver Sailors' Home, a hostel owned by the British Sailors' Society. Both moved last October into new buildings equipped with showers, libraries, billiard tables, restaurants and gaily curtained auditoriums. The seamen using them look more like real-estate salesmen than the average person's conception of a tar.

Now They Dance With Debs

The Rev. John Leighton, a benign, bushy-browed Cambridge graduate who has been chaplain to the Flying Angel for twenty-five years, was the first to introduce a corps of respectable girls into a seamen's mission as hostesses. Now the custom has spread to other seamen's missions all over the world and the effect has been remarkable.

Every Tuesday and Friday at the Flying Angel there is a dance. No seaman, whether he's a Lascar stoker or Kanaka deck hand, ever invites a girl to partner him in vain. Some of the girls are from wealthy homes and some from the city offices and shops. In summer they often go with the seamen in buses for picnics. Last year one group played soccer with the sailors. In winter, besides dances, there are card parties and concerts.

Leighton says: "Seamen get into the hands of undesirable women because they are lonely for feminine company, not because they are more promiscuous than other men. Here they respond gallantly to the presence of decent girls and we rarely have trouble."

Over at the Sailors' Home, which serves as a hotel for seamen stranded by sickness or awaiting transfer to another ship, every guest has a private room with a continental bed, reading lamp, wardrobe, dressing table and wash bowl. They pay \$1.75 a night for lodging and meals cost between fifty and seventy-five cents.

James Johnson, the tiny, smiling Scottish superintendent, says: "In the last ten years a great change has come over the seafaring profession. Better wages and better quarters are producing a different type of man. When I first started here thirty years ago the men used to come up in sea boots and sweaters and you had to keep your eyes skinned for the knives they carried. Nowadays you can't distinguish a seaman in the streets from an ordinary citizen."

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one officer responsible for keeping the youngsters out of trouble when they go ashore. Scandinavian ships go even further. Nearly all carry a matronly woman whose job is to do the ship's clerical work and organize singsongs, games and lectures at sea.

Ferry passengers who step onto the South Shore at the end of the run expecting to find a lurid waterfront are disappointed. It is one of the most orderly in the world. One waterfront house still boasts a front hall in which an Italian immortalized a former inmate known as Roma by setting her

name in tiles in the floor. But now it is a rooming house.

Since the war the taverns have been painted, refurnished and some even equipped with carpets. "There's not much hell-raising now," says one old waiter. "It's painful to see the old-timers sitting on the edge of their chairs, sipping their beer like cocktails, and looking around wildly for some place to spit."

A few weeks ago a Vancouver waterfront reporter found a café in which a group of Scandinavian fishermen were singing Norse sea chanties in nostalgic

harmony. A policeman hung around the front door suspiciously. But there was nothing he could do. The fishermen were regaling themselves with nothing stronger than chocolate milk shakes.

It's more exciting to turn back and return to the city ferry. If passengers tire of the scenery there's always a ship under Lion's Gate Bridge to look at. As this is written ferry passengers are impatient for a glimpse of one Roy Berge, a former Seattle prison guard who is trying to sail to Alaska in an outboard-powered bathtub. ★

Saskatchewan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

by columns of troops marching north during the Riel Rebellion. Actually they were cut by Red River cart wheels hauling furs from Prince Albert to the Hudson's Bay Company post deep in the Qu'Appelle valley.

During the first few years of Kelross the metal road scrapers were parked in a corner of our farmyard, and one day one of them led to a nasty accident to my sister Nora. That day was clear and cold, thirty below zero and utterly still. Mother suggested we play horse to keep our hands and faces and feet from freezing. I was driving, Nora was the horse. Suddenly rearing in play, she made for one of the scrapers standing in the shadow of the stable and covered with hoarfrost. She wanted a drink and like a prairie broncho licked the snow from the metal. At once her tongue froze fast. And I, aghast at what had happened, pulled her off with all my six-year-old strength, but left the skin of her tongue frozen to the metal. For weeks she couldn't drink even tepid milk without agony.

That year father was exulting over the slightly improved roads, and over the first good crop he had to haul to Qu'Appelle. Plowing with the oxen he had harvested small field of oats that rated eighty-two bushels to the acre and some thirty acres of wheat. For him pioneering would have been rosy, but for one factor: the nightmare of having to accept whatever price the elevator people offered—or haul his load back over the fifty miles to the railway. He had to start each trip long before daylight, harnessing the team by the light of a kerosene stable lamp. If he didn't accept the price offered, the entire round trip was a waste of time and energy.

We children were too young to understand the extent to which Saskatchewan farmers were at the mercy of the grain-elevator people. But we soon realized that something angered father almost every time he went to town. Sometimes, when he hadn't sold his load of grain and had brought it home again, mother was short of groceries and there were no presents for us. As early as 1906 he was telling mother about plans among the grain growers to market their own crops and of their frustration when they discovered that unless they dealt through the elevator companies, they couldn't get a single railway car.

It was about that time that we began to hear of big Bill Motherwell. W. R. Motherwell was a strong-jawed, black-bearded man with a very nice smile, popular with children as well as with their pioneer parents. Indeed we came to think of him as the most important man in all the world, largely because father was always so much happier after a visit to the Motherwell farm near Abernethy at the edge of the Qu'Appelle valley.

Years later I realized why those visits meant even more than the happiest of social gatherings. For it was in W. R. Motherwell's living room that the Wheat Pool had its birth. Motherwell's leadership and his firm, persistent action not only brought the plight of western grain growers out where the government at Ottawa could no longer ignore it, but it showed settlers the value of the co-operatives that have become a part of the province's way of life. Father was proud of being one of the voters who sent Motherwell to Ottawa, where he became Minister of Agriculture.

Father bought his first team of horses a couple of years after filing on his

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THE PALMER HOUSE

quarter-section, though he kept the oxen for a couple of years longer for plowing; and much as the horses speeded farm work, they meant even more to mother: the heavy Percherons became her first driving pair.

Now she could occasionally visit the few white women neighbors five or ten or twenty miles away; I think she was secretly afraid of the Indian women who traveled up and down the Touchwood Trail with their swarthy men, because she always offered them tea when they pulled up at our door. But with white women she could exult over their delight in moving from a sod hut, such as many lived in at first, to a log shack, or from under a sod roof to shingles. The horses took her and her children to the nearest neighbor the day father wakened to discover our sod roof actually threatening our lives.

All fall he had worried about the roof, as heavy rains and then deep snow added to its weight of sod. Sometimes he used to look up at it as he postponed as long as possible the heroic business of getting out of a warm bed, putting on his icy-cold clothes, and lighting the fire; no matter how carefully he banked the stove with the green wood we had, in winter the house was always bitterly cold by morning. There were, he figured, some seven tons of logs and sod in that roof. And, inevitably, the weight was too much for the supporting log beams.

Providence Turns a Wind

Suddenly discovering that the weight had spread the walls and loosened the beams, he leaped out of bed. Never, he recalled later, did he light the stove as fast. Quickly he made up a plan about taking us all for a drive; had us, too, up and dressed. We'd scarcely eaten breakfast before he had the horses harnessed and only when we were on our way did he tell mother about the danger that threatened. I think that would have been one of the happiest visits of her lifetime if she hadn't worried about father. He had to move all those tons of frozen sod in sub-zero weather. He lived in a tent while he reroofed the house with shingles hauled fifty miles from Qu'Appelle.

I think I can actually remember that visit, but compared with it, something that happened the following summer is crystal clear. I was then about eight, and probably had heard mother cry out in sheer desperation before, but for the first time I consciously heard her agonized "Oh, God!" Father was away working in town to make a little cash because he hadn't been able to get a profitable price for his last crop. She was alone with her four little girls when she smelled the acrid tang of prairie fire.

Now there's a world of difference between the smell of burning grass when you're cleaning up the garden in the fall and the smell of burning grass when a wind-driven prairie fire threatens a woman alone with her small children. Father had plowed a double fireguard around the house and farm buildings and hay stacks, and he had told mother how to set fire to the grass in between to make a wider fireguard. Every minute, it seemed, the smell of smoke increased. The air was thick with it.

We thought we could hear the crackling of flames, we children huddling on the steps of the house, silent with fear as she took a box of matches and quickly set fire to one patch of grass after another between the fireguards. The fire burned right to the plowed furrows; nothing short of Providence could prevent its spreading to the hay stacks. Providence changed the wind, turning the flames on a plowed field, and then of course we were perfectly

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safe. But I shall never hear a woman call on God without remembering that evening.

The loneliness of those early pioneering years lent excitement to a visit from Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hanna. Mr. Hanna, then vice-president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, wrote father in 1910—and other secretaries of western municipalities, I suppose—to say that he would shortly tour the province seeking a suitable route for a new line; Mrs. Hanna would be with him, and they'd like to call if it would be convenient. As if anything could be more convenient than anything to do with a railway less than twenty miles away! Mother regretted that her London-made clothes were so worn and outmoded but she served a very good dinner of wild ducks and Saskatoon pie, and had a wonderful visit with Mrs. Hanna while father showed the eastern railway official over the farm.

The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific was a great Saskatchewan milestone in 1910. By that time we were no longer pioneers. Father had harvested three thousand bushels of oats during his sixth summer on the farm and nearly five thousand bushels of wheat. There was a gramophone in the living room and on many a winter's evening our parents entertained the neighbors with recordings from the operas they had enjoyed in England, recordings that gave us children a wonderful combination of bedtime stories and lullabies. There had been box socials in the first schoolhouse, some eight miles away. We now took fairly frequent trips to neighbors, traveling cozily in the high-sided, hay-upholstered grain box on sleighs.

But for one factor we might have stayed right on the farm. The thing that pried father away from the land he loved was the misfortune of having

six daughters—Freda and Gay had arrived to join Nora, Sylvia, Dorothy and me—instead of the six sons who might have helped a farmer with his chores. After many a heart-searching talk with mother, he decided that his daughters must live near schools. We moved to Swift Current where he resumed his profession of optometry. Swift Current was right in the heart of the triangle marked out by Captain Palliser, the English surveyor, fifty years before as a tract where no crops would ever grow.

There was sagebrush around Swift Current, as Palliser had noted, but sagebrush that was pleasantly pungent. And there were many cacti. Soon after our arrival in 1914 mother died of TB and father buried her in the new, still almost empty cemetery across the coulee from town where the cacti grew, some years so prolifically that no youngster dared go out barefoot. Surely there is nothing in nature more lovely than a cactus flower, one of the great yellow variety like the silk and velvet flowers Paris milliners used to make—or anything that pierces more cruelly than a cactus thorn.

At first I was bitter, as well as being grieved, by mother's death. Years later I came across Andrew Graham's tribute To a Prairie Wife, and only then did I sense that she may have been happy during her brief Saskatchewan life:

We broke new trails, wild roses at our feet,
And by the banks of the Saskatchewan
We found the thorny brakes as scented
sweet
As any incense Eden gave to man.

In Swift Current in 1914 the sidewalks were still mostly plank. During hot summer weeks clumps of sticky

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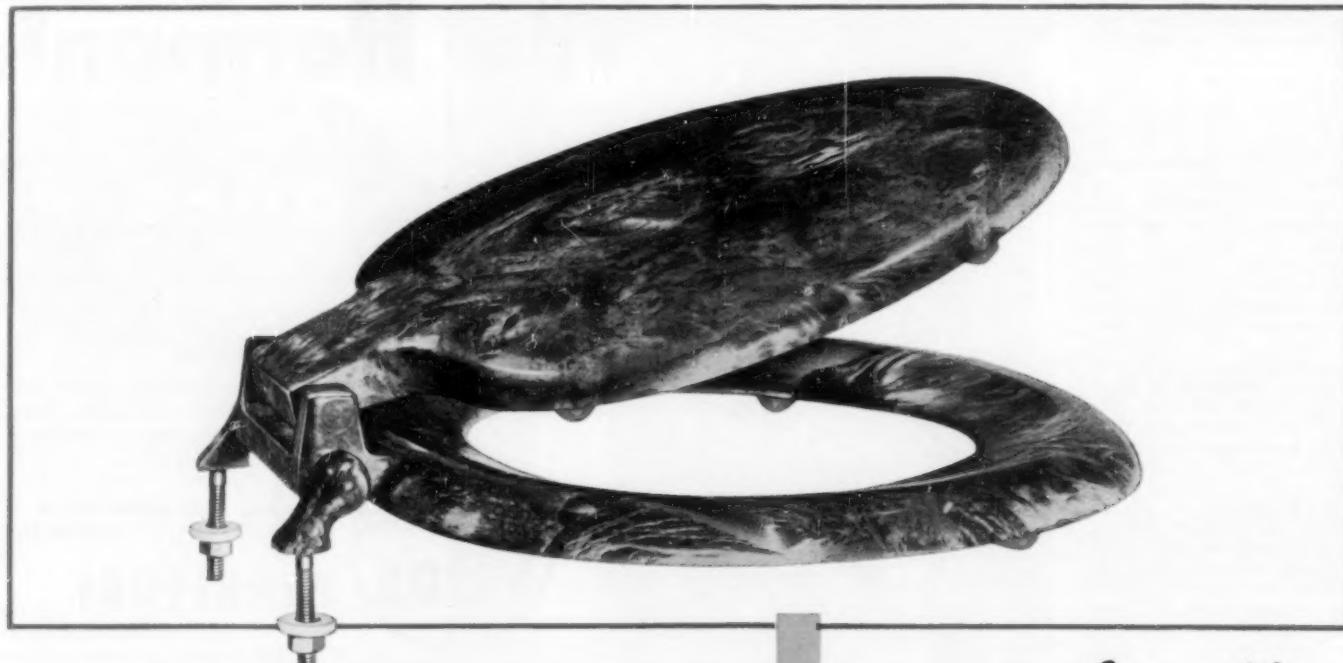
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stinkweed grew between the planks. Burning winds occasionally whipped clouds of gritty dust along Cheadle Street and up Central Avenue. But we were enchanted by the first telephone we'd ever had, new and automatic and up to the minute like everything else in the town. We were entranced by the lights on Central Avenue. And oh, the Lyric Theatre and the Princess Royal! The cafés from the luxurious Celestial to the most flyblown one down on Railway Street! The huge four-room school! All the cars! There had been only one car in our nearest farm village. The hospital and burly, gentle Doctor John McLean who was the first—and last—doctor mother had had in Saskatchewan, though she gave birth to four babies there!

When the Second World War broke out, Swift Current was a town of three thousand, to us a metropolis in a valley surrounded by lovely hills. The creek meandered through the valley, and on it during my high-school years we skated for miles and miles. We picnicked at the lone tree, the only tree then nearer than the South Saskatchewan valley thirty miles to the north. Ranches at Saskatchewan Landing soon became our Sunnyside and Coney Island and summer camp.

The Old West Thunders Off

We even shared the anxiety of ranchers in the valley lest good crops, wartime demands and the incredible price of two-dollar wheat should end all ranching activities. We made jokes about Palliser's gloomy predictions, and smiled when old-timers like Bill Brunyee and Jim Smart insisted that the prairies would again become dry and that some of the land now in wheat should never have been plowed because it was too light. When the war ended everyone except the ranchers and a few other die-hards cheered a plan to parcel the last great range in the province, the Matador, into farms for veterans. And so I saw the last great roundup—from a knoll near Smart's ranch house.

Everyone in and about Swift Current knew "Legs" Lair, the six-foot-six, two-hundred-pound cattleman who managed the Matador; when he loped along the rough boardwalks on his trips to town legends grew, for Lair's voice matched his great bulk, and his hospitality matched both. At the Matador, the coffee pot was always on the stove, and Lair's coffee, so the boys said, was strong enough to float a spur rowel.

But I had no thought of Lair that day at Smart's ranch. I was looking at a strange cloud shadow across the river and far to the west—strange because the sky was clear that day. Yet gradually the distant cloud moved down a coulee and up the valley until at last I realized what it was: nearly three thousand dehorned Hereford steers held together by quiet-riding cowboys under "Legs" Lair. The last Matador herd was being moved to range in Montana. As the thunder of their hoofs passed, and it was thunder you could feel, I knew I'd seen the old west leave Saskatchewan for good.

During the Twenties Montana provided all the flavor and excitement of over the border for us, with a fair bit of local rumrunning, and yarns about rumrunners provided much of the youngsters' entertainment. Much of it was true, and one yarn in particular was typical.

After a flash rainstorm the rich black soil south of Swift Current becomes a morass of sticky gumbo. When word reached Inspector Stewart of the then North West Mounted Police that a load of rum had left town, he climbed into

one of the Cadillacs the force was using, and set out after it. With no trouble at all he got his man, for the rumrunner was stuck fast in the gumbo. So, too, was another car—ahead of the contraband car. Father Cabanel of Sacred Heart Church had set out to see one of his flock and got caught in the storm. The church, the devil and the law spent the night together, waiting until morning sun dried out the mud on the road.

During the late Twenties and early Thirties I was away from Saskatchewan, continuing my education in Toronto, and visiting England and France, Montreal and New York. I wondered if I ever wanted to go back. Dare I risk the happy memories of childhood and adolescence when every newspaper and the radio recorded little but grim tales of depression and drought worse than even Palliser had predicted? As the train wheels clicked toward Swift Current, I panicked. I wished with all my heart I hadn't decided to go home.

The signs of drought were heart-breaking in 1937. But right in the centre of Swift Current a new park commemorated the boys who had died in World War I. Manitoba maples and cottonwoods and flowers honored the former football and track heroes of my junior high school days. Maples and cottonwoods, lovingly tended and watered, ringed the little cemetery. The cacti were finer than I'd ever seen them. To see what was being done to prove whether or not Palliser had been wrong, I went out to the Dominion Experimental Farm to see L. B. Thomson about tests being made with drought-resistant grasses.

That day the eyes of the man who has since headed the entire Prairie Farms Rehabilitation scheme looked as though they ached with fatigue. But Thomson's eyes lighted when he discussed the work his staff was doing on drought-resistant cereals and grasses. He agreed that Palliser had been right about recurrent periods of drought.

"But," he said with conviction, "we're beginning to learn how to live in this country, just as people have always had to adapt themselves and their customs to any new country." And then he went on to talk about the spring-rye experiment down near the town of Cadillac.

I drove with the late W. W. Cooper, Swift Current's leading merchant, to see the spring-rye experiment which would anchor all those acres of drifting soil, the scientists hoped.

The air was dry and gritty. It stung your eyes and choked you. For miles fences straggled through dunes of drifted sand like strange symbols in a Dali picture, sometimes linking wind-scarred, often windowless farmhouses and abandoned barns, sometimes seeming to link nothing at all. And then, on the distant prairie horizon, the dun-colored scene changed. At last we came to the field of spring rye.

It glowed like a vast, square-cut emerald set on a mat of sand dunes that stretched as far as the eye could see. And we got out of the car and picked precious stalks, held them in our hands, and were full of wonder and gratitude. We could even smile at the sight of a Bennett buggy, a car drawn by a team of horses because the farmer couldn't afford to buy gas. Next year, we knew now, the long roots of spring rye and other plants would anchor more wind-blown topsoil. Scientific research, both desperate and hopeful, would steady Saskatchewan economy just as it would help men and women overcome their struggles with hail and frost, rust, glutted markets and even economic slumps.

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Sir Frederick Haultain, who had become chief justice for the province in 1912 and was knighted in 1916. Though his name had been mentioned by father often during my childhood and though I had seen him several times, that visit at the courthouse in Regina was the first time I really talked with him. Afterwards he gallantly walked with me to the steps of the courthouse.

Standing there, as straight as a stalk of wheat and almost as lean, he recalled Regina's early days and the days when I had first seen the prairie city as a child. He talked about Wascana Lake, now mirroring the handsome Parliament Buildings and site of the city's fine inland yacht club. Wascana Lake didn't exist when Fred Haultain first visited Regina as a member of the executive council of the territorial government in the Nineties. The only water then was Wascana Creek, so dry some years that he couldn't enjoy his favorite sport of snipe shooting.

"You can do anything with this country," the eighty-year-old chief justice and chancellor of the University of Saskatchewan said, "so long as you use patience and imagination, sympathy and skill."

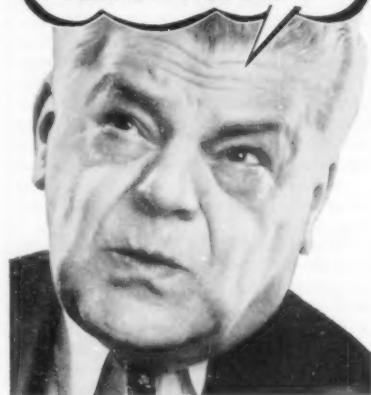
Such faith and optimism is part of the Saskatchewan character. For the drought of the Thirties was barely over before farmers who had left in desperation were returning to dig their wind-scarred houses and barns, their granaries and privies and fences out of dunes of drifted soil anchored by tumbleweed. Soon they were also digging countless dugouts at strategic locations where they could catch and store the scant rainfall of some sixteen inches and the runoff from melting winter snows. Someday they'll complete their greatest water-storage scheme and their greatest dream: they'll get that wide earth dam on the South Saskatchewan River, a lake a hundred and thirty miles long, and some hydro-electric power as well. Compared with what has happened in fifty years, even that doesn't look impossible.

I hadn't quite realized all that had happened in Saskatchewan until I spent a few days at the Landing visiting the Brunyees and the Smarts after World War II. I lunched with the Brunyees, and lunch included a perfect, crisp salad grown near the house. Later I had supper with Jim and Mrs. Smart—green peas and strawberries, grown from a small irrigation project on the river.

And after supper, on the wide-screened veranda out of reach of mosquitoes, old Jim Smart recalled a visit during the late Thirties from John Buchan, then Canada's Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir. As the old rancher yawned in his happy way about the changes that had occurred since his arrival on the prairies, the two men had come to the exciting conclusion that nowhere, at any time, had such swift dramatic changes, such social evolution overtaken any other state or province.

This year Saskatchewan celebrates her fiftieth anniversary, her Golden Jubilee. Since Jim Smart and Lord Tweedsmuir summed up the changes, Saskatchewan has opened her top two thirds, the rocks and forest and water north of Prince Albert, to tourists seeking the finest fishing, and to prospectors seeking—and finding—uranium and other precious minerals. Oil derricks break the sky line alongside remembered rows of grain elevators. But with all the fine changes, I'm glad there are still some sagebrush and cactus in Saskatchewan. For some of us need the things for which they stand—space and beauty and the friendship of men and women who have grown through lonesomeness. *

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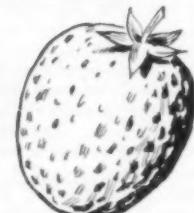
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SLOW BREWED for
MELLOW FLAVOR

54M7

Jim Flynn's Private Army

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

year. When sealed up they'd make ideal weatherproof containers for dumps of blankets, rifles, ammunition and blood plasma.

"After all, Vancouver Island is a strategic objective. It commands one of the greatest harbors on the Pacific coast. Our self-appointed territory is thirty by eighty miles and we know every trail in it. We could lead a regular army through it or, if invaded, could defend it from the hills. We could deal with fifth columnists and, believe me, there'd be a lot of them right here in this district. Maybe someday the country will be damn grateful to the Cowichan Commandos."

Their earnestness offsets the Commandos' ludicrous weapons and tactics. I watched a Commando raid last October. It was the mildest exercise of their career because the Duncan Reserves, then in the process of changing from an artillery to infantry unit, had to withdraw at the last minute. Thirty members of Victoria's Rainbow Sea Cadets were the only available opposition. Nevertheless, the Commandos turned out as conscientiously as though they were meeting a real enemy.

The cadets pitched camp on Saturday afternoon near Flynn's chicken farm, five miles north of Duncan and forty-two miles north of Victoria. In the evening Flynn overhauled the Commando arsenal: eight ancient .303 rifles, a few rounds of homemade blanks, two cap pistols, several strings of firecrackers and a box of blasting powder.

Briefing a Motley Crew

Around midnight a dozen Commandos drifted into headquarters, a hatchery room lit by two naked bulbs. They were a rakish-looking lot in assorted battledress, heavy sweaters and rubber boots. Most were World War II veterans: forty - eight - year - old Freddie Mills, a ruddy-cheeked carpenter; stocky Jack LeQuesne, partner in a Duncan secondhand store; insurance salesman George Sinden, an ex-RAF pilot; RCAF veteran Norman Stone, partner in a lumber company, and quiet scholarly looking Adrian Stone (no relative), assistant manager of Duncan's Bank of Montreal.

A Duncan lawyer, Jack Davie, a former Canadian Navy lieutenant who won the DSC at Normandy, arrived in black battledress, his face smeared with lampblack, commando style. Flynn's three hatchery employees turned out loyally: little Walter Kizyma who served in the Polish Navy after escaping from a Russian World War II prison camp; blond twenty-seven-year-old Joe Bieling, an ex-corporal in the German 19th Panzer Division who went to war at fifteen, spent four years in a British prison camp and came out with a pukka English accent; and twenty - year - old Roger Hilliard, of whom Flynn says, "Roger was turned down by the army because of flat feet but flat feet or round he sure as hell can run rings around the militia."

The star attraction was big George Whittaker, a middle-aged logger-farmer, councilor of North Cowichan township and the most swashbuckling Commando of them all. It was Whittaker who led the rotten-egg charge of 1953. A year ago, while defending a bunkhouse from the army he fell from a doortop and broke his wrist and four ribs. Now it was Whittaker, looking around the room, who grinned and voiced a thought that must have

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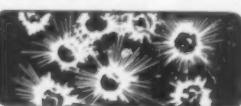
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occurred to the others: "Well, if the men in the white coats came around here, they'd sure get a wagonload tonight."

The Commandos passed around beer and rum and sat chatting and joking until 1.15.

"We allow drinking," Flynn said. "We don't let it get out of hand but you've got to use your head when you're working with civilians. We have discipline but not the petty discipline of the Reserve Army. That's one reason so many veterans prefer our outfit. Another reason—we have no damn parades or paperwork!"

Then Flynn produced a small blackboard and rapidly chalked out the plan of attack. He wore tattered khaki battledress with Royal Canadian Navy shoulder patches and Combined Operations sleeve insignia, a red flannel shirt, a dark-blue Canadian Legion beret and a happy smile. Flynn's detractors say, with some truth, that he loves to play soldier.

But if the Commando idea proves popular and spreads, as he hopes it will, Flynn will deserve the credit. Even if they recognize the need for home defense, most men consider mock warfare ridiculous, especially if they aren't paid for it. But Flynn's zeal and flair for showmanship keep his volunteers enthusiastic.

That night they listened intently as he finished his briefing. ". . . Joe and Roger and I rec'd their camp this afternoon and here's where the sentries are. They're sharp, too; we almost got captured. Now, numbers one and two sections approach from the north, numbers three and four from the west and I'll lead number five from the south. Questions?"

"Yeah," said Whittaker. "Where's their latrine?"

The Commandos guffawed. On one raid Whittaker fell into the army's open-air privy.

The men gathered their rifles and firecrackers and slipped into the night. Flynn and Norman Stone paused to blacken their faces. For the next hour the valley echoed with shots and shouts.

Davie captured four youthful prisoners, who seemed delighted to get into the hatchery out of ten degrees of frost. Whittaker was in top form. Slipping into the navy camp he bellowed imperiously from the shadows, "Awright, you men, get into the fight." The small rear guard thought he was a navy officer and obediently charged off to battle. Whittaker stole the navy coffee-pot as booty.

The engagement ended at three a.m. Theoretically, the Commandos won, although a clear decision is almost impossible in mock warfare. Both sides snatched some sleep and five hours later the Commandos hid out on a mountainside while the cadets took a turn at attacking.

It was a grey damp morning and from his post behind a rock the Commando chieftain shivered immoderately and fumed, "I hope these little so-and-sos are getting something out of this because I'm bloody near frozen."

Apparently the cadets did gain something from the exercise. In the beginning they moved in bunches across clearings. After a few tips from the Commandos and navy officers they spread out, took advantage of the terrain, surrounded the Commando hideout in twenty minutes and "shot" Flynn.

"We taught them something. That was our purpose," Flynn says.

In fact, the Commandos have taught the opposition strange new tricks ever since the first raid in 1953. That time nine Commandos, including Bieling, Whittaker, Davie and Adrian Stone,

attacked the army camp at 3.30 a.m. with two smoke bombs and a half-dozen tins of white paint. Paint daubed on army property signified a "capture." Even with this meagre equipment the Commandos caused some confusion.

First they set up a smoke screen with such success that one valley farmer rushed outdoors in his nightshirt, thinking his barn was on fire. Then, faces blackened, they moved in. Bieling dismantled a gun barrel, a trick he'd learned with the Panzer Division. Another Commando poured a bucket of white paint into the mouth of a forty-millimetre gun. Flynn let the air out of truck tires and Whittaker vaulted into a supply truck, stole the army's breakfast and began tossing other items into the bush. A soldier who had been dozing in the truck sat up; Whittaker tossed him out too. Then the Commandos slipped away. The army, accustomed to years of halfhearted field exercises, was flabbergasted.

For the second battle, five months later, nearly a hundred and fifty reservists and army cadets turned out from



MACLEAN'S

Duncan and Victoria. Flynn met them with eighty Commandos and sea cadets, plus some handmade grenades and land mines. A grenade was two hollowed-out pieces of broomstick wire together, with powder, sandpaper, a match and a fuse sandwiched between. To set it off, a Commando pulled the match which struck the sandpaper, lit the fuse and exploded the powder.

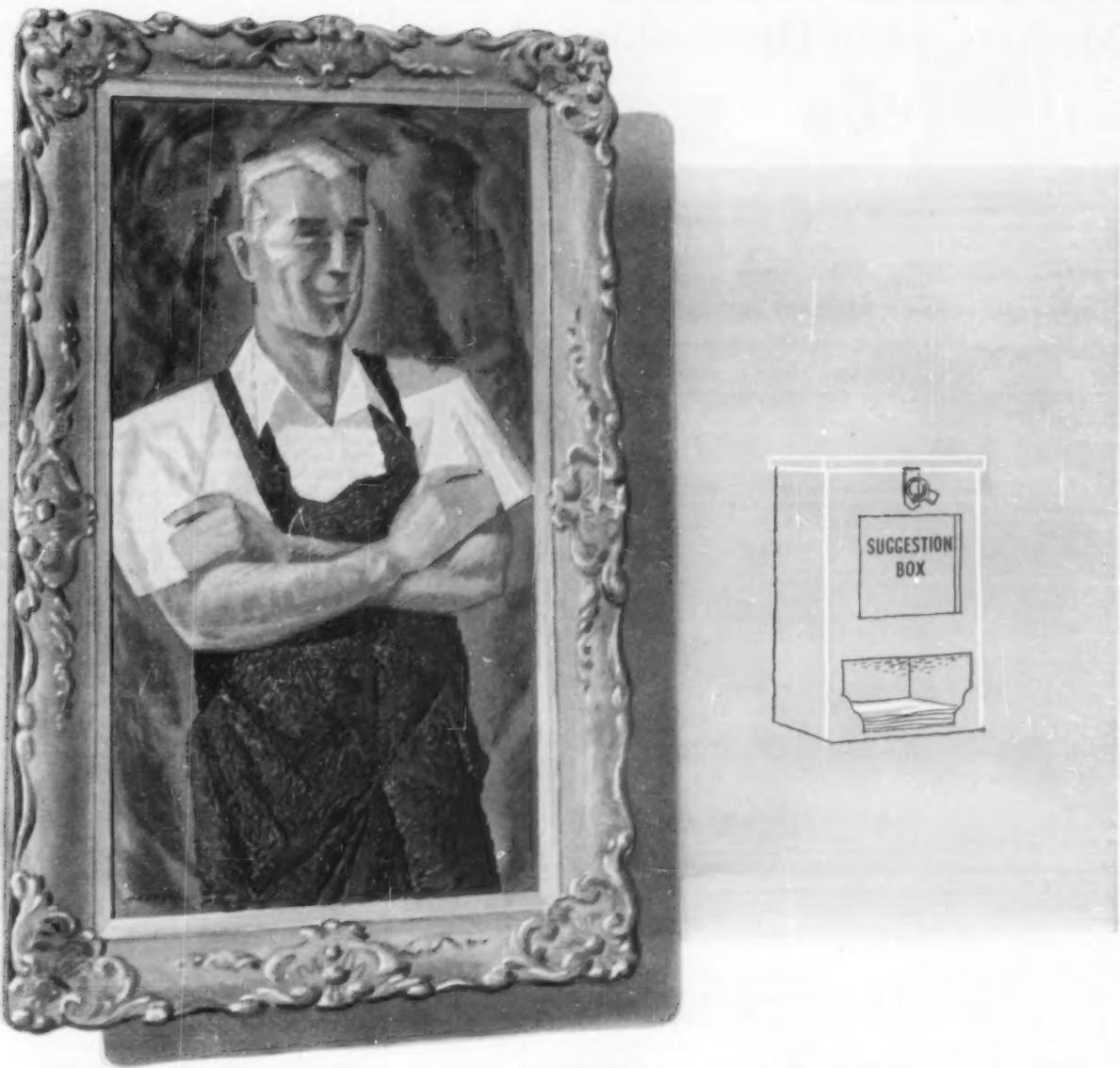
Land mines were similar. The same ingredients, minus the fuse, were tucked in an empty cardboard cigarette packet. The packet was partially buried, half open and standing on end. When the enemy stepped on it, the packet telescoped shut, struck the match on the sandpaper and immediately ignited the powder. One of these mines threw a reservist headfirst into the bush. The Commandos later abandoned both weapons as too dangerous.

On this second exercise the army held two railway and road bridges. The guerrillas employed their favorite trick—lying low until the enemy overran them, then proceeding to their objective. They planted their explosives on the bridges, took a few prisoners and treated them to beer and whisky.

"Awfully decent of you fellows," said a grateful Reserve officer, gulping a bottle of beer. "This liquor must have cost you ten or fifteen dollars."

"Not really," said Flynn. "You see, it's yours. We stole it from your supply truck."

The engagement ended with the rotten-egg barrage which even the Commandos later admitted was a foul tactic. The eggs had been under heat in Flynn's incubators for three weeks,



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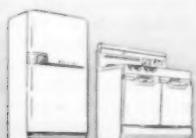
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had failed to hatch and were unusually ripe.

By now the Commandos were acquiring a reputation. At one stage they even had a genuine commando in their ranks—Jud Whifford, an ex-sergeant in the British Commandos who has since moved to the Peace River district. They named Maj.-Gen. G. R. Pearkes, a Progressive Conservative MP from Vancouver Island, as their honorary colonel. Since the Commandos always represent the enemy in battle, Pearkes dubbed them "Her Majesty's Loyal Communist Army." The story was publicized and apparently garbled. One day Flynn's mother-in-law phoned in alarm from Kelowna, B.C., to ask, "Jim, what are you doing mixed up with those Communists?"

The loyal Communists went to war again in December, amid snow and bitter winds. The army was scheduled to hold a lodge at Genoa Bay on the Island coast. The Commandos planned a surprise attack from land and sea, with navy support. The sea became so rough the navy canceled its operations but the brash Flynn and two companions borrowed a war-surplus landing craft and bounced in through the waves on time.

Meanwhile Whittaker, approaching by land, noticed an idle bulldozer on the main road, bulldozed a false trail through a few hundred yards of mud, pointed a detour sign at it and mired a couple of army trucks to the hub caps. What with Whittaker and the weather, the army arrived late. By that time the sea-borne Commandos were in control of the area.

A Bit Mad, But Careful

Battle number four was fought in May, 1954, at the 2,400-foot level of neighboring Mount Sicker. The night before the exercise, Flynn mounted another Commando's shoulders, shinned up the armories' fire escape, pried open Major Sutton's window and stole the army plans. But he left the window open, in most un-Commando-like manner, and Sutton warily changed his plans.

Only seven Commandos turned out against fifty reservists and cadets that week end but the latter were handicapped by lack of ammunition. At one point, a Commando lent his blank cartridges to two eager cadets so they could stay in the fight. The exercise ended abruptly when Whittaker broke his wrist and ribs. His is the only serious injury to date. Once before, a Commando fell down a well, but it was dry.

The Cowichan Commandos have aroused mixed feelings in their district. Reservist Major Sutton says cautiously that Flynn's outfit is doing a useful job but their tactics "lack integration." People who've been wakened by dynamite in the dead of night think the Commandos slightly mad. So does a bus driver who slammed on his brakes in panic when an explosion went off on the middle of a bridge he was about to cross. So does an elderly motorist who one day met a column of armed Commandos and asked, "Anything wrong?"

"Haven't you heard?" said Flynn. "The Russians have landed, about twelve thousand of them. They're right behind us."

The motorist paled and fled toward Duncan.

In spite of such pranks, the Commandos are rarely irresponsible. They entrust their explosives to Mills, who had wartime demolition experience. Before exercises, Flynn briefs newcomers on the danger of firing blank ammunition at close range. Once a

Commando was immediately expelled after an explosive shook up a band of Boy Scouts.

Elsewhere in Canada, many veterans apparently agree that the Reserve Army needs some help. Letters enquiring about the Cowichan Commandos have come from Trail, Kelowna, Calgary, Toronto and Halifax. Last October a forty-man Commando unit was founded in Vancouver under a former captain of the Norwegian underground. Flynn is currently seeking more volunteers for the battle of May 1955, when he hopes to match one hundred Commandos against five hundred reservists.

"Eventually, I think you'll see this idea spreading all over Canada," Flynn says.

If so, it will be an all-male organization. The Cowichan Commandos drafted a few of their wives into their second battle. The reluctant women's division took cover behind an apparently abandoned Indian shack and began lobbing homemade hand grenades into the woods. The shack wasn't abandoned. The explosions brought a startled rifle-toting Indian outdoors on the double, firing in all directions with live ammunition. This was too much for the wives. They surrendered to the Reserve Army and haven't attended a battle since.

Perhaps that's why on the bleak Sunday morning last October when only the Commandos, sea cadets and Flynn's roosters were out of bed, George Sinden, a new recruit, huddled in his sweater, squinted his weary eyes and muttered unhappily, "You know, my wife thinks I'm crazy."

"You'll get used to that," grunted another Commando, as the shivering little band trudged off into the low-hanging mist. "All the wives think we're crazy." *

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Does Worry Cause Cancer?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

susceptible to cancer. Again, impressive strides have been made in diagnostic and treatment facilities. But eighteen thousand deaths is still a frightening figure—enough to bestir medical researchers to break new ground.

Doctors have frequently hinted that researchers could profitably look to the cancer patient's mind for clues to the mystery. Dr. Joost Meerloo, a Columbia University psychiatrist, says, "Stress, mental shock or maladjustment may be a causative factor in cancer." Dr. Ivan Smith, director of the Ontario Cancer Foundation, states, "One would do well to look for some relationship between a retardation of a cancerous growth and the personality of the patient." Dr. John Lovatt Doust, a psychiatrist engaged in research at the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, says, "The mind and the body cannot be separated. When a person breaks down physically, the site of the breakdown is not accidental. It is tied up with the person's inheritance and his accustomed way of responding to difficulties. This might well influence the way the site of a cancer is chosen."

Medical men are understandably cautious on the subject of the relationship between the emotions and cancer. Dr. Vernon W. Lippard, dean of the Yale School of Medicine, states, "Scientists are approaching this field cautiously because of the many variables and the possibility of misleading results." Dr. O. H. Warwick, executive director of the Canadian Cancer Society, points out that "information is as yet scant

and unconfirmed." Dr. Cuyler Hammond, director of the statistical research section of the American Cancer Society, says that "it is conceivable that psychological factors play a role in the origins of cancer but this has yet to be conclusively proven. There is more reason to speculate that the state of mind has some influence on the course of the disease after it has developed." Dr. T. A. Watson, director of Saskatchewan's cancer services, expresses doubt that enough is known to justify conclusions.

However, the theory that personality traits are an influence in cancer is strengthened by the unpredictable nature of the disease. Cancer is a slower and less often fatal disease than it is commonly believed to be. Every doctor knows this from his own experience. Some patients mysteriously recover completely even after the malignant growth has "metastasized"—spread from the original site to other parts of the body. Other patients unaccountably live on for ten or twenty years. Many a doctor has damaged his reputation by predicting how long a cancer patient had to live.

Examples are not difficult to find. A busy Toronto physician, bothered by persistent stomach pain, asked for an exploratory operation. His surgeon reported inoperable gastric cancer and warned him that he only had a few months left to live. "Rubbish!" replied the physician, "It will take me at least two years to finish my book." He lived for ten years. A woman of seventy-eight with cancer of the breast lived several more years. A deeply religious person, she consistently refused medical help. "I don't need treatment," she said. "God is saving me."

Dr. Meerloo, of Columbia University, tells of a patient who was deeply depressed after being told that she had inoperable cancer. All her life she had wanted to travel. Her doctor convinced her that she should take her life's savings and splurge. She returned home two years later, still with a tumor, but cheerful, healthy and interested in living. She died twenty-four years later.

The same phenomenon, on a broader scale, has frequently been noted in medical literature. As far back as 1918, Dr. G. L. Rhodenburg published in Cancer Research an account of three hundred and two cases where the malignant growth regressed rather than progressed with the passage of time. There were several dozen instances where the tumor vanished completely. A man with stomach cancer died two and a half years after the diagnosis was made; the autopsy showed no sign of cancer. A woman lived for twenty years after it was discovered that she had pelvic cancer; at the time of her death there was no trace of malignancy. In all these cases, diagnosis was established with absolute certainty.

The personal and inconsistent nature of cancer is perhaps best emphasized by studies of untreated cancer cases. Dr. Michael Shimkin, of the University of California, found that after five years twenty percent of untreated breast-cancer cases were still alive; so were ten percent of the chronic leukemia and bladder-cancer patients. In another study of a hundred and forty-three untreated lung cases, fifty percent died within a year after serious symptoms appeared; thirty-four percent within two years, while sixteen percent survived two years or more. In Hodgkin's disease (cancer of the lymph glands) the span of survival may range from a few months to twenty-two years.

From these many exceptions a new concept of cancer has arisen. It was



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"Maybe everybody has had or will have cancer without even knowing about it"

described at a symposium on "The Psychological Variables in Human Cancer" held by cancerologists, psychologists and psychiatrists at the Veterans' Administration Hospital, Long Beach, Calif., in October 1953.

This concept is that the individual is not helpless when cancer cells attack him and that cancer should be viewed as a struggle between the malignant cells and the human body. It maintains that the body has a defense mechanism. If the defense mechanism is of superior strength, the cancer cells are vanquished and the person lives out a normal span of life. If the defense mechanism is almost a match for the invader, the attack is so slowed down that the person may live on for ten, fifteen or twenty years before succumbing. Of course, if the defense mechanism is weak, the person soon dies.

Another novel view presented at the California symposium was that we all carry within us a certain number of cancer cells, but that most of us possess a strong defense mechanism, so the disease never progresses to the point where we suspect its presence. The same is true of polio. Almost all adults can be shown to have had that disease. They didn't know it at the time, however, because the body was able to check it before it produced anything more serious than a sore throat or a slight head cold.

The possibility that we all are hosts to cancer cells is described in a recent issue of the professional journal, Cancer. Dr. C. N. Edwards did autopsies on several men who had died of various causes. The results were revealing. In men over forty, sixteen percent had prostatic cancer; in men over fifty the proportion rose to forty-six percent. Obviously, most of these cancers remained stationary and the individuals died for other reasons. They may have had cancer for thirty or forty years but because of some defense system in the body it didn't grow and nobody knew about it.

Mass surveys conducted among women for the early detection of cancer of the cervix reveal the same state of affairs. Doctors followed a large group of women who were found to have cervical cancer. However, in only twenty percent of the cases did the malignant cells get to the point where treatment was required. "We are confronted with the possibility," says Dr. Phillip West, a University of California professor of biophysics, "that all of us may have had or will have some form of cancer but because of inherent natural control of this process, we will never know it."

Dr. A. L. Mitchell, an English pathologist, has been able to find metastatic cancer cells (cells indicating that the cancer has spread) in the bone marrow of patients with localized tumors. If these findings are confirmed, it would mean that there is no such thing as eradicating a cancer in the sense of cutting out every last cancer cell. Only a majority of the cells could be removed and the natural defenses of the body would have to fight the rest. That is why Dr. Joseph Weinberg, a prominent California surgeon, recently remarked, "If I had to remove every tumor cell to effect a cure, I would never again operate on a patient."

All of this suggests the presence of a defense mechanism. If this is so, what part do the emotions play in the pre-cancerous and cancerous stage? This was the question to which Dr. Phillip

West, of the University of California, and Drs. Frank Ellis and Eugene M. Blumberg, of the Veterans' Administration Hospital, sought an answer.

Many of their patients puzzled them. For example, they would administer the same dosage of nitrogen mustard to two patients with the same degree of Hodgkin's disease only to find that one would apparently recover and go on living in reasonable health for years, while the other would rapidly go into a decline and die. Since the disease and the treatment were the same, the physicians began to wonder about personality differences in the patients. On the basis of these differences they began predicting how different patients would respond to treatment. "We were right most of the time," West says.

A scientific investigation then followed. They worked with fifty patients, war veterans who were suffering with inoperable cancer of the lung, prostate and testicle as well as some with leukemia. All were receiving palliative treatment. They were divided into two equal groups. One group was responding to treatment and the spread of the malignant growth was slow; the other group apparently received no help from therapy and the cancer's growth was rapid. Both groups were studied psychologically.

Does a Good Cry Help?

The results were revealing. The "fast" group was made up of individuals who were painfully sensitive, over-nice, apologetic and overanxious to please. They bottled up their feelings and seemed to have no way of releasing their tension. A fifty-nine-year-old man was typical of this "fast" group. Only five months after being admitted to hospital he died from a form of cancer in which the average survival time is three to six years. He was anxious and worried about his condition but couldn't show it. The doctors described him as "blocked, like a man who is afraid to reach for a gun to kill a tiger because he is afraid of the tiger." He was quiet and well-behaved and never seemed to express what he felt.

A watchmaker in his fifties was representative of the "slow" group. He had carcinoma of the prostate and the disease had spread to his bones. In spite of his considerable illness, he was cheerful and appeared to be in excellent physical health. Although he did have anxiety about his health, he was able to work it off by outwardly noisy emotional behavior. For instance, every time he saw his doctor approaching his bedside he would break down and cry profusely. While demonstrations of this kind may have been a little wearing on those about him, they apparently had a favorable effect in retarding the progress of his illness.

This ability to express or work off feelings seemed to distinguish the two groups. Some members of the slow group would shout, cry or giggle; others were neurotics or psychopaths. Some relieved their feelings by keeping themselves busily engaged and showing in many ways that they were convinced that cancer was not so serious as the doctors made it out to be. The fast group, on the other hand, had no way of releasing their feelings. Many of those who died were sincere, intelligent and constructive members of society. The doctors concluded, "The data suggests that long-standing, in-

tense emotional stress may exert a profoundly stimulating effect on the growth rate of an established cancer in man."

If the emotions can speed up or slow down the growth rate of a malignant tumor, can they also select that part of the body where cancer will strike? Is it accidental, for example, that one person will develop lung cancer, another cancer of the breast and still another, leukemia?

About forty-five percent of female cancer is located in the primary and secondary sexual organs—the uterus, cervix and breasts. The proportion increases as the woman reaches her forties and fifties. Could it be that sexual conflicts play a role here? There are many problems of a sexual nature that plague women: fear of pregnancy, shame because of lack of attractiveness or physical defects, conflicts over premarital experiences, cessation of marital relations, the approach of menopause and so on. It has long been noted that breast cancer is more common among women who have not nursed their children than among those that have; that childless women and spinsters are more frequently attacked by cancer of the reproductive organs than married women with children. (Injuries due to childbirth are excluded from this estimate.) About twenty-five years ago Dr. E. Kehler, a German gynecologist, observed: "Every woman with a fibroid tumor in the uterus has a history of psychosexual disturbance. From the size of the tumor you can judge the length of the disturbance with accuracy."

About one third of all female cancers occur in the breast. Psychiatrists believe that a possible reason is that the breast is of deep significance to a woman. It is the symbol of both femininity and motherhood and it's not difficult to understand how it can become a target organ for sexual conflicts. If the woman is frigid and masculine, she may regard her breasts with shame and hostility; or for some compensatory reason she may develop an excessive pride in them.

A number of recent studies underline the possibility of a close link between cancer of the sexual sites and conflict over sexual matters.

Three years ago Dr. Max Cutler, a leading cancer surgeon and former head of the Chicago Tumor Institute, and his associate Dr. Richard Renneker carefully studied forty women who had been operated on for breast cancer. A general pattern emerged. Of twenty childless women, nineteen said they would not want to become pregnant under any circumstances. Of twenty women with children, seventeen said they would have preferred to be childless. Almost all the women had a difficult and unhappy relationship with their mothers. They resented their close attachment and dependency on their mothers, yet were unable to express their hostility. Other clinics have made similar observations.

Dr. James Stephenson and Dr. William Grace, of the Cornell Medical School in Ithaca, N.Y., compared one hundred women with cancer of the cervix with a similar number with cancer in other sites. The typical cervical cancer case was revealed as a woman with poor adjustment in the field of sex, maternity and marriage. She was likely divorced or separated from her husband. She disliked intercourse and seldom derived pleasure from it. Her husband was likely to be alcoholic or unfaithful. "This knowledge can be useful in experimental carcinogenesis," the two doctors concluded.

Their findings were bolstered by another investigation conducted by Dr.

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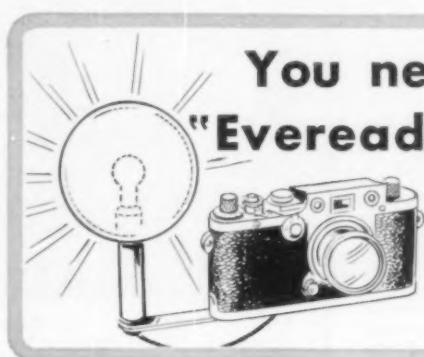
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"Can morbid preoccupation with the disease give a person cancer? Do educational programs do more harm than good?"

Milton Tarlau and Irwin Smalheiser at the New York City Cancer Institute. Describing twenty-two women with cancer of the breast and cervix, they wrote, "None of the patients ever received any kind of positive sex information. It consisted chiefly of warnings to stay away from men."

Lacking information, the women met the onset of menstruation with fear, shame and disgust. Practically all of them had an aversion to marital relations, giving as their reasons pain, lack of pleasure, disgust or the feeling that it was not right or good. Tarlau and Smalheiser concluded: "There is some evidence that personality may play a role in the . . . (origin) . . . of cancer of the primary and secondary organs in predisposed individuals."

Worry, fear and emotional tension all subject the body to a great deal of stress. Experimental work in recent years suggests that stress is the single cause of all diseases. Dr. Hans Selye, of the University of Montreal, believes that when the human body is under stress—be it through worry, disappointment, heat, cold or bacterial invasion—its chemistry is thrown off balance. Immediately, the glands try to restore this balance by working overtime, excreting hormones. If the stress is too prolonged, the gland mechanism breaks down and illness develops. Because leukemia—cancer of the blood—responds to ACTH and cortisone which are glandular products, there is reason to suspect a close tie between stress and cancer.

Another possible link between cancer and worry can be demonstrated by means of "oximetric measurement"—measuring the oxygen level in a person's blood. At the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, research psychiatrist John Lovatt Doust has repeatedly shown that when a person is depressed or worried the oxygen level in his blood goes down. It stays down until he becomes happy again. The significance of this has been pointed up by Dr. Harry Goldblatt and Gladys Cameron, of the University of California. Using animals, they have shown that cancerous cells grow better in a milieu in which the supply of oxygen is low.

The validity of linking oxygen supply and cancer recently received strong support from Dr. Otto Warburg, of Berlin, a Nobel Prize winner in medicine. He claims the lack of oxygen respiration in the body cells is a major cause of chronic damage to normal cells and their conversion into cancerous cells. Some doctors believe there are instances in which prolonged stress may have been the direct cause of cancer.

Leukemia is a case in point. "The increased tempo of life in the last forty-five years may have aided in increasing the number of deaths from leukemia," is the observation of Drs. H. W. Jones and F. R. Miller, of the Jefferson Medical College Hospital, Philadelphia. It has long been known that excessive exposure to physical irritants such as X-rays, radium and benzol can produce leukemia. But the Philadelphia doctors suggest that the same condition is encouraged by chronic exposure to emotional irritants—anxiety, depression and chronic worry. They offer two case histories as typical of a large group of patients with chronic myeloid leukemia who have been under their care:

In the first case, the patient was worried about money all his life. When he was at high school he lay awake wondering how he could stave off the

financial disaster that threatened his father. At college, in spite of taking on a number of jobs, he never knew where he would find enough money to meet his bills. In his last year at school he was frequently so upset that he would gag on his food. He fell in love with a girl but had to prolong the engagement for five years until he could support a wife. Finally, after many tribulations and postponements, he married. Eighteen months later he died of leukemia.

The second case concerns a man of fifty-three who also worried all his life. He was a caretaker on an estate and he felt that he wasn't doing his job well. He went to work on a new estate where the owner committed suicide. This shocked him. He was further depressed and shocked by the death of his father soon afterward. He changed jobs frequently. At one point he spoke of wanting to die because everybody had it in for him. At times, he would walk the streets and go for days without eating or sleeping. He began complaining to his doctor that he had pains in his hips and knees and that his feet tingled. He died two years after the diagnosis of leukemia was made.

Is a Pipe Smoker Calm?

Mental patients with cancer are casting some light on the influence of the emotions on the course of the disease. A prefrontal lobotomy is sometimes performed on psychotic patients. If the result is successful, the patient suffers far less anxiety. Doctors describe cases where the reduction of anxiety was accompanied by a reduction in the size of the tumor. In some cases, the cancers disappear completely but no explanation has been offered.

Various investigators have also noted that as the cancer patient becomes psychotic, the rate of his growth is often slowed down or even arrested. When he starts to recover and re-enters the world of reality with all its conflicts and worries, the growth may start again. Significantly perhaps, this does not apply to conditions such as paranoid schizophrenia where the patient thinks he is being persecuted.

Is emotional stress the forgotten factor in the current cigarette smoking-lung cancer controversy? Drs. E. Kahn and Dr. E. F. Gildea have noted in the Connecticut State Medical Journal that the cigarette smoker—more than the pipe or cigar smoker—tends to be a tense and nervous individual. He inhales deeply to relieve tension. The relief, however, is only temporary be-

cause smoking actually increases nervousness. Dr. Charles Oberling, a leading European cancerologist, has often observed that "nervousness and tension which cause people to smoke also harm the human body." Some medical men have speculated that the tension that leads to heavy cigarette smoking, and not cigarette smoking itself, is the more important factor in lung cancer.

Since there is a relationship between the emotions and cancer, it has often been suggested that educational programs warning the public about cancer can produce harmful effects. Can a morbid preoccupation with the disease give a person cancer? It has been suggested that this sometimes happens.

But what is much commoner than a morbid fear of cancer is a moderate fear. Doctors report that at one time or another most women suspect that they have cancer. If this suspicion leads to a periodic checkup by a qualified physician, then the net result of educational programs is good. For early detection and treatment are still the best defenses against a malignant growth.

The psychosomatic approach is that the body and the mind cannot be separated; that cancer is less often fatal than it is thought to be; that the body has a built-in defense mechanism that can resist the invading cancer cells; that it would be profitable to give more attention to the promotion of lifelong mental health; and that psychological medicine may be as important as physical medicine to cure the cancer patient or prolong his life.

But medical authorities agree that the link between the emotions and cancer must still be regarded as largely speculative. One Toronto specialist, Dr. Norman C. Delarue, says, in fact: "It is certainly my impression that there is no relationship between the personality and cancer." Without doubt, no conclusions can yet be reached; no hard and fast rules drawn. The data already gathered are often contradictory. Leukemia, for example, sometimes claims very young children; it is unlikely that prolonged stress could have been a factor in the disease. Furthermore, it is a commonplace observation that the chronic worrier sometimes survives to a ripe old age, then dies of a condition other than cancer.

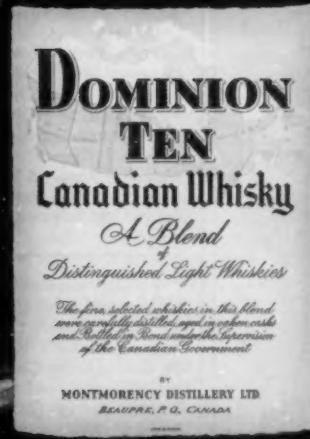
Years of arduous research in this field lie ahead. For no medical problem is so complex as cancer; and no psychological problem is so delicate as the mysterious relationship that exists between the body and the mind. ★



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issue." And he went on to restate in very mild terms his usual constitutional argument for provincial income tax.

A few days later he took another step. He rang up Ottawa, asked Prime Minister St. Laurent for a meeting to discuss the tax issue.

Even the die-hard Liberals admit that St. Laurent couldn't possibly have refused. He had always said the door was open to negotiation; he could hardly slam it now. Nevertheless, that Montreal meeting and the amiable silence that followed it sowed doubt and distrust in the bosoms of the provincial Liberals.

Just to make a bad matter worse, a rumor spread all over Quebec City at that moment. According to it, someone had asked the Prime Minister's younger son Jean-Paul what these negotiations meant. Jean-Paul, who was believed to be feuding at the time with Quebec Liberal Leader Georges Lapalme, is supposed to have answered: "My father is fed up with Lapalme and would rather deal with Duplessis."

There is some confusion among Ottawa Liberals as to whether or not Jean-Paul St. Laurent ever said such thing. But rightly or wrongly, Lapalme believed the story. He was and still is furious.

All this would have been bad enough if Duplessis had been ready, as some Liberals were rash enough to hope, to cry "uncle" to Uncle Louis and sign a tax-rental agreement. Nothing of the kind. He promised to send a letter containing his "proposals," but when it came early in November it turned out to be nothing more than a renewal of his demand for full deductibility. All he "proposed" was to remove from the preamble of his Income Tax Act a sentence that Ottawa didn't like, claiming a "prior right" to income tax.

"He offered to drop his assertion of a prior right," a federal cabinet minister said bitterly, "on condition that we would act to make the claim valid."

Yet Ottawa remained silent. Nobody said, officially, that Duplessis had made no proposals at all. Ken Eaton, Ottawa's assistant deputy minister of finance in charge of taxation, took a small team of experts to Quebec in December for long private conferences with Duplessis' tax experts. All this conspired to encourage and seemingly confirm press speculation that a tax deal between Ottawa and Quebec was in the works.

By this time, of course, all the steam had fizzled out of the Quebec Liberals' fighting mood. Having cooled off by degrees for three months, they no longer felt like picking up the cudgels they had so reluctantly laid down. The two-horse riders, on the other hand, the men who were Liberal workers in federal elections and Union Nationale in provincial, had quite recovered from their fright and were placidly awaiting the tax relief which circumstances seemed to promise them.

Ottawa was in a box. Duplessis hadn't given an inch, really, but his mild tone and his initiative in requesting a conference had made everyone think a compromise was coming. To refuse any concession would bring a storm from Quebec taxpayers: to make any would look very like surrender.

Ottawa Liberals think they found as good a way as any out of that painful dilemma. Their concession, they point out, is quite unilateral—it is not a "deal," but just a gesture of compassion toward the taxpayers Duplessis has been ill-using. They have not given way, they insist, on the principle that Ottawa and not the province decides what size bite the province may take from the federal income-tax pie. It is still true that Duplessis is depriving his people of their just due by refusing

to sign an agreement. But when all that is said, the Ottawa Grits are unhappily aware that it still looks too much like a win for Duplessis and a backdown for them.

They don't think for a minute that all these things—tax concession, irate clergy, split party and all the rest—could bring defeat in Quebec to a Liberal Party led by Louis St. Laurent. But St. Laurent was seventy-three last February 1. Whether some English-speaking Protestant successor could weather the storm is a very different question, and it worries them sick. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

We heard from the gallant Peters, whom we saw on television staggering and falling on the Vancouver track when victory seemed an absolute certainty. We heard sensible speeches from boxers, gymnasts, jumpers, weight throwers—not only sensible but amusing and lively speeches.

You in Canada, and especially in

British Columbia, would have been deeply touched if you had heard their description of the beauty of Vancouver and the kindness of its people. There were humorous episodes as well, but nothing could hide their enthusiasm for that gracious city that looks westward to the Orient.

So as the evening moved to its climax there were only the two big stars left—and the chairman called on Chataway. We really let ourselves go, for it was not very long ago that he beat the Russian champion at the White City in London in one of the most



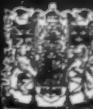
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thrilling struggles in the history of sport.

But now instead of facing just one Russian he had to speak in the very temple of oratory with champions of the art all around him.

Let me end your suspense by repeating what a Tory minister said to me when Chataway finished: "I'm going to take up running," he said, "I might have a chance against that fellow on the track."

I am not exaggerating in declaring that Chataway spoke like a young Disraeli. His voice production was not only pleasant but almost perfect. In fact the previous night he had played Algie in Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in an excellent semi-amateur production. As far as style was concerned, he could have gone right upstairs to the debating chamber and spoken like a foreign secretary.

And there was substance as well as philosophy in his words. "Don't imagine," he said, "that when the Russian and I ran at the White City he was thinking of the Soviet and I was thinking of Great Britain. We weren't even thinking of the crowd. There were just two of us, two men, like the beginning of time. One of us had to win and no one else mattered. And when the race is over we are still two men apart, two lonely men in a world of noise, and at that moment a precious and enduring friendship is born."

Then to lighten the tension he made a jest and sat down.

It was one of the best speeches ever heard in the ancient precincts of Westminster. We were only sorry that Churchill was not there to acclaim it.

It is to the credit of Roger Bannister (who spoke last) that his quiet smiling sincerity won our esteem, but he was like a somewhat wistful Hamlet following an outrageous and glittering Mercutio. And do not tell me that Mercutio and Hamlet are not in the same play. There they were before our eyes on the stage of Westminster.

Two hours later, for the House was having a long debate, three or four of us who had attended the Vancouver dinner were talking about it in the smoke room. I expressed my astonishment that athletes should have shown such extraordinary intellectual qualities.

"You should not be so surprised," said one of our group. "Over the years the fellows who were brilliant in sport at Oxford and Cambridge have won glittering prizes in real life. Now that every nation realizes the propaganda value of sport, the competition becomes fiercer and fiercer. In the end it is the best brain—other things being equal—that makes the champion."

We were joined by others who had also been at the dinner, and the argument grew lively. As a hopeless dud at all kinds of games I struggled to maintain my theory that mind and muscle have little in common. From that point we fell to discussing why Britain should suddenly be producing world-champion athletes.

"That is quite simple to explain," said one MP. "We are now in a second Elizabethan age. Under the first Elizabeth, England led the world in the arts, in war, in exploration, in finance and in government. Under our second Elizabeth today we are seeing the development of another such age."

THREE WEEKS LATER my wife and I went to the gala first night of Sir William Walton's new opera, *Troilus and Cressida*, at Covent Garden.

It was a sentimental evening for us, not only because we had known Willie Walton when as a youth he was trying to get a hearing for his music, but also because the conductor was Sir Malcolm

Sargent whom we first met years back when he had graduated from playing a church organ to become the conductor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Walton is lazy and took his time at earning recognition. Malcolm Sargent was patronized by the critics as being able but superficial. Does he not stoop to conduct the hornpipe at the Proms while idiotic, juvenile fans throw flowers at him?

However, Sargent and Walton were both knighted in the course of time, but not without some eyebrow raising in austere circles. Benjamin Britten was outshining Walton, and Sargent was not considered a serious enough musician to conduct at Covent Garden.

But London is a psychic place and there was a sudden feeling that the first night of *Troilus and Cressida* would be a tremendous affair. I was lucky enough to get two seats.

Covent Garden was itself again. We saw only one miserable fellow in the stalls who was not in full evening dress, and the women were in their glory. Here again was a great capital city where the men and women paid the tribute of full formal dress to the composer, the conductor and the singers. And it is only in a great capital city where a new full-scale opera can be born.

Birth of a Masterpiece

We shall not soon forget that night. Walton had come into his own with music that challenged but did not imitate the best work of Richard Strauss. His orchestration was superb, his daring was limitless, his invention never flagged—and not for a moment did he descend to the obvious.

But how much he owed to Malcolm Sargent! Sargent's control of the orchestra was so complete that he could do anything with it. Yet there was never a moment that he was not guiding and inspiring the singers when they needed it most.

When Sir Malcolm reached the last tremendous climax that ends the opera his shoulders drooped and for a moment his head was lowered. The ordeal was over. He had presided at the birth of a masterpiece.

Unseen by the audience he bowed to the orchestra, and gave them the benediction of his hands. Then he went on the stage to share in the tumultuous ovation.

Upstairs in the foyer there were champagne parties to celebrate and we joined some of our friends in the general jubilation. Gone were the ghastly memories of Gloriana, which had been presented to the unhappy young Queen during the Coronation festivities. Walton had substituted glory for Gloriana.

And then we heard almost the same phrase which had been used in the smoke room. A friend of mine pointed to Sargent and Walton, who were surrounded by eager admirers. "They are the new Elizabethans," he said.

Bannister, Chataway, Sargent, Walton, the Duke of Edinburgh, Churchill, Christopher Fry, Anthony Eden, Rab Butler—there is greatness again in the womb of Mother England.

From the long weary siege of war and the heartbreak years of peace that followed, there is emerging a vitality and an almost reckless self-confidence that is expanding our economy in all directions. Bold plans for development in the backward overseas territories are being launched, and at home our industries are throbbing with a new virility.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

continued from page 15

arrived at Quebec early in 1775, protocol was of small account. The Continental Congress was preparing to invade and liberate Canada. Its reasons were sound enough. Canada was a base from which the British would certainly strike southward. Canada, therefore, must be neutralized.

To this end the Congress first invited delegates from Quebec to join Canada to the Revolution. As the Canadians paid no attention—the seigneurs and priests saw to that—they must be liberated from their British oppressors by force.

Little force surely would be required. Quebec had been softened up by American agitators. The agents reported to the Congress that Canada was groaning, like its neighbors, under the imperial boot. As viewed from Philadelphia, Canada looked ripe for rebellion and needed only a little outside help to throw off its chains.

Carleton the statesman reluctantly laid aside his Quebec Act, which had been intended to keep Canada loyal by generous concessions, and became a soldier again. There was no alternative. He found himself in the exact middle of the Revolution. For once, by blind luck, England had the right man in the right place.

While the Congress argued and delayed, Ethan Allen, a towering frontiersman and leader of the Green Mountain Boys, had been conducting a private war with the authorities of New York. Now he took the war against Canada into his own hands.

Across Lake Champlain from Ticonderoga he was joined by a horse dealer and amateur soldier, Benedict Arnold. They mustered altogether two hundred and thirty men. The great fortress was held by about forty unsuspecting troops who freely allowed spies to inspect their lack of preparation.

The Americans crossed the lake in the first light of May 10, 1775, the sentry's musket missed fire, the commander was awakened by a knock on his door and the hoarse voice of Allen ordering him to surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" Or so Allen told the story afterwards. The commander surrendered in his dressing gown.

Allen's partner, Seth Warner, captured Crown Point and its thirteen surprised soldiers. Arnold seized Fort St. Johns on the Richelieu in the same bloodless fashion.

The American Revolution controlled the historic invasion corridor at the moment when the Continental Congress was solemnly resolving "that no Expedition or Incursion ought to be undertaken or made, by any Colony or Body of Colonies, against or into Canada." Philadelphia changed its mind within a few days and commissioned General Schuyler to "pursue any measures in Canada that may have a tendency to promote the peace and security of these colonies," always providing that "it will not be disagreeable to the Canadians."

By mid-August fifteen hundred troops and three generals were at Ticonderoga

on their way to Canada. When Schuyler fell ill, the supreme command went to Richard Montgomery, a former captain in the British Army. He was now thirty-eight years old, tall, handsome and dashing, the very image of America in arms. But concerning his army, he wrote to his wife: "Such a set of pusillanimous wretches never were collected." Their orders were to take Montreal and besiege Quebec, according to the proved strategy of Wolfe.

The right wing of a double assault, under Arnold ("that horse jockey," as Carleton called him), was to strike at Quebec overland from the southeast. In September Arnold's force of eleven hundred picked men was dragging its *bateaux* up the Kennebec. The toiling colonials included some of the crack frontier fighters of the Seven Years' War and an undistinguished character called Aaron Burr, of whom more would be heard.

Canada's old friend, northern winter, caught the expedition on an overgrown, swampy and almost impassable trail. Three hundred starving men turned back. The dauntless remainder pushed forward, eating dogs and moccasins, shot down the Chaudière by raft and reached Levis, opposite Quebec, on November 8. After one of the most desperate marches on record, Arnold stood where Wolfe had stood and prepared to duplicate his strategy without his resources or his luck.

There loomed the rock, as Wolfe had seen it. There was a difference this time. The Canadian habitants, who had fought the English invaders for a century and a half, now decided to help them. It was a good omen for the Thirteen Colonies. As always, they were deceived by the outer look of Canada.

Boats and scaling ladders were supplied by the Canadians. Arnold landed at Anse au Foulon in Wolfe's footsteps and marched his bold scarecrow army toward the walls of Quebec. His written demand for surrender was ignored by Colonel Hector Theophilus Crumahé, the Swiss officer commanding the weak town garrison in Carleton's absence at Montreal.

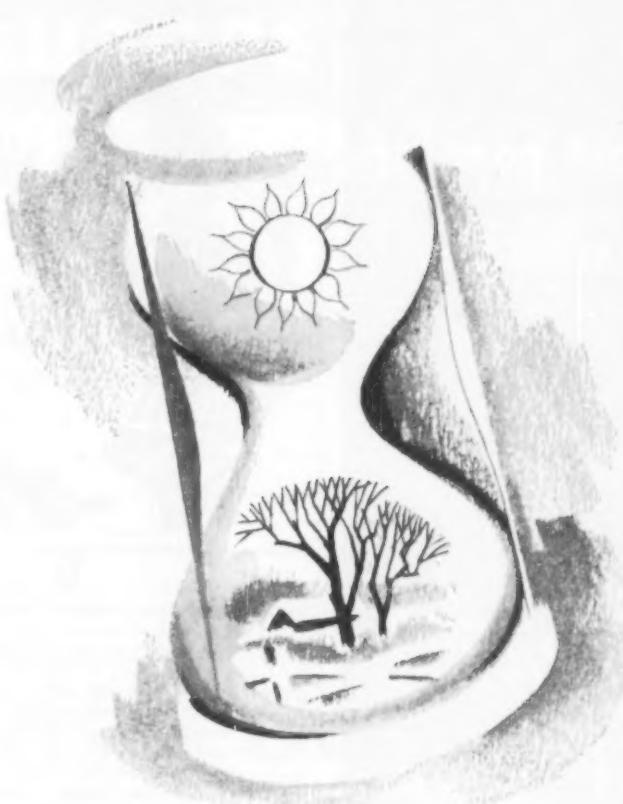
This was not what Arnold had been led to expect by the pundits of the Continental Congress. Inalienable rights, it now appeared, included one not dreamed of in the philosophy of Philadelphia. The French Canadians and British in Quebec, under a Swiss commander, assumed the right to exclude Canada from the Revolution. Arnold thought that over and wisely marched twenty miles upriver to await the other invasion army of the Richelieu.

Carleton, in Montreal, now faced at firsthand the unanswered question of Canada's future—would the French Canadians defend British America? Evidently not. The idiotic government in London had authorized the Governor to raise six thousand of the King's loyal Canadian subjects, but the Canadians refused to rise even at the exhortation of their seigneurs and priests. Why should they? The civil war among the English was none of their business. The invaders under Montgomery probably would be no worse and might be better than those under Wolfe. A conquered people saw no reason to assist their conquerors.

A lesser man than Carleton would

Would the Canadians fight? The English civil war was none of their business

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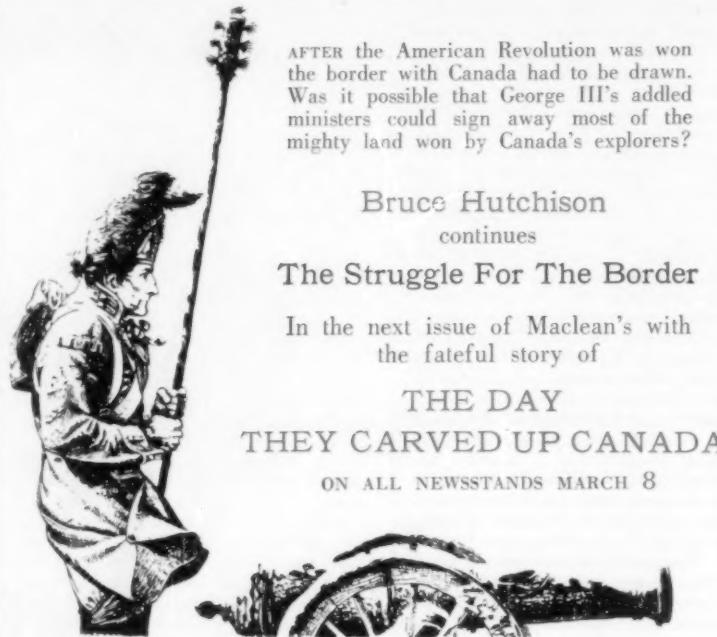


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Bruce Hutchison

continues

The Struggle For The Border

In the next issue of Maclean's with the fateful story of

THE DAY THEY CARVED UP CANADA

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"Come on, brave lads, Quebec is ours!"
And Montgomery charged to his death

people of doubtful sentiment within the walls, about 350 British regulars, 400 sailors and 530 Canadian militia. About 1,300 men must face the resources of the Continental Congress, hold Quebec under its fourth siege or, in losing it, probably lose Canada to the Revolution. As so many times before, a scant square mile of rock beside the river contained the destiny of at least half the continent.

Montgomery took Montreal and joined Arnold at Quebec. The two American generals surveyed, in their shrunken army, the tragic military miscalculations of the Continental Congress—and something more, Philadelphia's total miscalculations of the Canadian nature. Desertion and disease had reduced the American force on the Plains of Abraham to about a thousand men. Still, Montgomery, knowing war but not Canada, was certain that the Canadians would surrender. He had that on the word of the Philadelphia philosophers and who could doubt it? Therefore, he would "eat his Christmas dinner in Quebec or in hell." He ate it in his own camp. He would eat only seven more dinners in this world.

A written demand for Quebec's surrender was tied to an arrow and shot over the walls. It informed Carleton that Quebec was "incapable of defense, manned by a motley crew of sailors, the greatest part our friends, or of citizens who wish to see us within their walls and a few of the worst troops who ever styled themselves soldiers." The townspeople were warned that Quebec would soon be a "city in flames, carnage, confusion, plunder, all caused by a general courting ruin to avoid his shame."

The Fateful New Year's Eve

There spoke the Continental Congress. It was speaking a lot these days and knew everything. Not enough, however, to save its gallant servant Montgomery.

Carleton paid no attention to the message by arrow. The Canadians of his garrison appeared to have little wish for liberation. And in their loyalty under siege Canada unwittingly was turning the critical corner of its future.

The futile arrow was followed by mortar shells which "even the women came to laugh at." The walls were weak but Montgomery lacked artillery to smash them. His troops shivered in their thin captured British uniforms and soon were assailed by a familiar enemy. With smallpox in his camp and Quebec deaf to the counsels of democracy, Montgomery must attack or retreat.

He hesitated for some time knowing that the odds were against him, decided on a frontal assault from the Plains but yielded to his own officers, on the new principles of democratic decision by vote, and accepted a subtler strategy.

Christmas came. His broken promise to eat his dinner in the town, his lack of money, the quarrels between his officers and the well-hated Arnold had changed Montgomery from a gay conqueror to a tired and despondent young man. In the depressed humor of his predecessor, Wolfe, he had almost given up hope of victory. Finally he ordered the two-pronged assault for the night of December 31, a New Year's Eve to be remembered throughout America.

It did not find Carleton unprepared. His garrison was in good order. The Canadian militia stood with unquestioning discipline beside the British regulars—for the first time, but by no means the last. Unity of the two races under arms might mean Quebec's salvation now. It meant much more later. If it could survive this night it might turn the tide of sentiment among the wavering Canadians. Though no one thought of it then, the men of Quebec might begin, for all their puny numbers, to demonstrate the possibility of a biracial state.

Carleton had no time for such long thoughts. As midnight passed and the world entered a new year of Independence, Inalienable Rights and Self-Evident Truth, a swirling blizzard hid the Plains of Abraham and the American camp. Then, towards four o'clock, signal fires blazed beside the St. Charles, north of the town. They were answered by two green rockets, arching across the blackness beyond the rock of Cape Diamond. The attack evidently was coming from two sides. Carleton's hour, like Champlain's, Frontenac's and Montcalm's, was coming with it.

The American guns on the Plains began to fire against the western walls. Carleton soon surmised that their sound, dulled by the howl of the blizzard, was a feint. He was right. Montgomery intended to round Cape Diamond and attack the lower town from the St. Lawrence bank. Arnold, attacking from the St. Charles on the north, would meet Montgomery and the joint forces would scale the heights to capture the garrison.

Carleton had guarded against all these possibilities. Grave as usual he stood with his reserves in the Place d'Armes, ready to move where he was needed. Drums, bugles and church bells sounded a general alarm.

Montgomery and five hundred men crept out of Wolfe's Cove, by a narrow trail along the river bluffs, in the teeth of a fine, cutting snow. This time no Vergor but an alert guard of fifty British and Canadians, under John Coffin, stood at the barricade of Prés-de-Ville with four small guns. They waited in silence and saw nothing but the snow, heard only the guns on the Plains.

Suddenly vague figures appeared not twenty yards away. A man crawled forward, looked at the barricade and retreated. Still the guard kept silent in their baited trap.

Now they could see a knot of Americans huddled together in consultation. Montgomery waved his sword and shouted: "Come on, brave lads, Quebec is ours!" As he charged the trap closed. From a distance of ten yards the four guns of Prés-de-Ville fired their single volley of grapeshot. The foremost Americans lay on the snow. No second volley was needed. The surviving attackers had fled.

A man came screaming down the street with the false news that the Americans had burst into the town from the St. Charles. The guard at Prés-de-Ville started to bolt in panic. Its commander threatened to shoot the first man who moved. No one moved, but the danger had passed. Montgomery would never come back again.

The battle had shifted to the north. There Arnold's force of six hundred, in captured British uniforms, a scrawled slogan, "Liberty or Death," pinned to their hats, was advancing along the



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P. J. BLACKWELL

road between the St. Charles and the walled cliffs of Quebec. They swept past the outer Canadian lines of snipers with heavy losses and reached the main defense works of Sault-au-Matelot. Their single gun, hauled on a sleigh to smash the barricade, stuck fast in the snow. Arnold paused only a moment before ordering a charge. "Now boys," he cried, "all together, rush!"

The words were hardly uttered before he fell with a bullet through his leg. He propped himself against a wall with a musket for a crutch but soon fainted from loss of blood and was carried out of gunshot.

Daniel Morgan, leading the charge against the barricade, found himself snared in a dark street, enfiladed by British guns, raked by Canadian muskets from every house window. The cul-de-sac instantly became a shambles of confusing red uniforms on both sides, cannon flashes, grapeshot and exploding grenades—a few hundred yards, cooped up in a few square yards, but fighting one of the world's decisive battles. American soldiers would never fight better or more hopelessly. Such men could make a Revolution. They could not capture Quebec against these odds.

"Take Care, my Lads"

Two hours of blind tumult and carnage left a third of the invaders dead in the snow of a mean Canadian alley. When Carleton's reserves sallied out from the Palace Gate and took the Americans in the rear, Morgan perforce surrendered.

The defenders had lost thirty men killed and wounded. That was the price of saving Quebec. But Quebec was a foothold only of British power in America. Carleton understood the larger forces and dangers in play and was desperately anxious to save the last small chance of reconciliation with the Americans. His prisoners, therefore, were given a good breakfast, warm quarters and a friendly lecture.

"My lads," said the Governor, "why did you come to disturb an honest man in his government that never did you any harm 'n his life? Come, my boys, you are in a very painful situation and not able to go home in any comfort. I must provide you with shoes, with stockings and good warm waistcoats. I must give you some victuals to carry you home. Take care, my lads, that you do not come here again, lest I should not treat you so kindly." Sound advice, no doubt, but the Revolution was past its point of no return and, for its leaders, Quebec was only a minor incident.

Search parties were sent out to collect the wounded Americans and bury the dead. They found thirteen rounded humps of snow beside the Prés-de-Ville barricade. From one of them a frozen

hand protruded. It was the hand of Montgomery.

Carleton and his officers watched the body of that rash and gallant young man lowered into an honorable grave hard by the St. Louis Gate. After all, this was no ordinary war. It was a hateful quarrel within the British family. Montgomery had died because neither he nor the Continental Congress understood the position of Canadians in that quarrel.

Why should they understand it when the Canadians hardly understood it themselves? Even Ben Franklin, wisest of English-speaking North Americans, was baffled by these Americans of older residence and different tongue. Next spring he set up a printing press in the basement of the Chateau de Ramey at Montreal; he concentrated the ablest journalistic mind of the continent on persuasive propaganda; he proved beyond the doubt of reasonable men that Canada's place was in the free union of the Thirteen Colonies. Obviously the Canadians were not reasonable men. They listened, unmoved, to Franklin's arguments as they had been equally unmoved by Carleton's.

Up to now most of them had remained neutral in the English family quarrel. When Carleton had saved their beloved Quebec, when the American commissioners paid for supplies in the worthless paper money of the Continental Congress, when the soldiers mocked the Catholic Church, when Franklin's proclamation of liberty began to wear the look of an unwanted alien system, the habitants turned sour. Liberation of this sort seemed to be only another invasion of the Canadian homeland under a new name. Militarily and morally it was already the Revolution's first and only permanent defeat.

The survivors of Montgomery's army could maintain the futile siege of Quebec through the winter. Franklin could turn out his tracts, manifestoes and homespun logic in the Montreal cellar, but the doubtful scales of Canadian sentiment had tilted quietly and forever in favor of England, not because the Canadians loved it more but the Americans and their democracy less. On these humble and invisible scales the political balance of the continent tilted also—and much further than the British government or the Continental Congress yet supposed. The Revolution had lost its fourteenth state and America's northern half, thanks to the foresight of a grave English gentleman of the old school. ★

NEXT ISSUE: PART TWO

**The Day
They Carved Up Canada**

We Just Had To Be Alone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

mark. But the guy doesn't live who isn't an open book." Then chuckling and winking she leaned across the table and patted Alca's shoulder, her own shrewd blue eyes suddenly hard and her mouth turning down at the corners.

"Look after No. 1, Alca," she said. "Never give anything away. This week I want you to open a bank account and no matter what happens it should be your secret love." Alca's respect for the big shrewd woman showed in her eyes and she knew there was nothing Mrs. Buhay wouldn't do for her. They were very different and they loved each other.

One night Alca told Mrs. Buhay about a young man named Tom Prince who had come into the music store to buy some classical records. She had never met anyone with such nice manners, she said. It was wonderful the way he had made her feel she was a very dignified person.

The glow in Alca's eyes and the pleasure in her voice worried Mrs. Buhay. "Look here, honey, don't let the first guy you meet knock you over," she said.

Next night Alca didn't come home till midnight. Tom Prince had taken her to dinner and then a movie and she had found out all about him. He had finished a course in commercial art and was taking a job in an advertising agency. Alca couldn't stop talking about him. Even after they had had their coffee she stood at her bedroom door remembering bright little jokes

Tom had made and trying them out on Mrs. Buhay.

"Okay, a very entertaining guy," Mrs. Buhay said, putting her arm around her affectionately. "I remember the first guy who ever made a pass at me. I thought he looked wonderful because he wore shoes and pants. Let's see this guy up close." Alca laughed and said she would bring him home tomorrow night.

The next night Mrs. Buhay was in her bedroom when she heard them at the door. When Alca called, "Mrs. Buhay," she followed them into the living room. They were both out of breath from running up the stairs and laughing and Alca had on her smart white linen suit. "Mrs. Buhay," she said softly, "this is Tom Prince."

"How are you, Tom," Mrs. Buhay said heartily as she put out her hand. "I've heard all about you." But she was surprised because he was a good-looking well-dressed boy with an assured and cultivated manner and she wished she had dressed up a little more. With an easy smile he said he knew all about her too.

"I'll get some coffee and some biscuits," Alca said, and with her eyes she told Mrs. Buhay that she wanted to give her a chance to have a talk with Tom and get a good impression of him because she valued her judgment so very much.

"Sit down, Tom," Mrs. Buhay said, and she sat down and smoothed her dress. She soon got him talking easily about his work while she appraised him shrewdly. She had a lot of experience with men that had started when she was sixteen and working at the carnival lunch counter. In the beginning she had got the worst of it, but only in the beginning until she had learned to size a man up.

There were things about Tom that made her uneasy. Her blunt straightforward questions seemed to amuse him a little. He had a smooth soft-voiced politeness and well proportioned hands and he used very little slang. He wore grey slacks and a light-grey jacket with a blue check and as he leaned back on the sofa he was so much at home that he made her feel a bit clumsy and ill at ease. She began to take on an air of refinement and hated herself for doing it.

When Alca came in with the tray Mrs. Buhay sat back and listened to them and it seemed to her that Alca didn't even talk his language.

"I'll take those dishes into the kitchen," she said, so they could be alone together, and she put the cups and saucers on the tray and went out to the kitchen.

WHEN she was washing the dishes Alca came into the kitchen and took her arm. "How do you like him?" she whispered.

"He's quite a guy," Mrs. Buhay admitted.

"He certainly is. Oh, I'm so glad you like him."

"Look Alca," she said, one hand on her hip as she smiled wisely. "That fellow's a very intelligent young man."

"You bet he is, Mrs. Buhay."

"And well educated, too."

"Yes, he went to college," she said proudly.

"Where does he live, Alca?"

"He's got a room of his own."

"And he'd like you to see it, I suppose?"

"He hasn't said anything about it."

"He will. And don't you go there, Alca. If I were in your place I'd watch that I wasn't alone with him too much."

"But I like being alone with him. Why shouldn't I?"

"Alca, Alca," Mrs. Buhay said indul-



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gently. "What do you think that fellow's up to with you? Ask yourself that."

"He likes me. We like each other."

"Sure you do. But a guy like that, Alca, intelligent and educated, and with that look in his eyes. What's he up to with you, do you think?"

"I told you, he likes me," Alca said, and she was hurt because she trusted Mrs. Buhay's judgment completely. She blushed, feeling somehow belittled and she tried to hide it by turning away and picking up one of the dried cups and staring at the pink floral pattern on the rim. "Okay," she said, and she walked out of the kitchen.

Mrs. Buhay stayed there until she heard Tom going home and then she came out and tried to joke with Alca, who didn't laugh at all.

Alca kept bringing Tom to the house and one night Mrs. Buhay saw her glance at him with an uneasy question in her eyes, trying to see him as she had been told to. Whatever it was she saw, it made her look lonely and troubled, and Mrs. Buhay knew Alca was in love with him. Until then she hadn't known how much she herself loved Alca. "That smooth guy with his soft soap knows she's a soft touch for him," she thought, and was angry. Until Tom went home she couldn't sleep.

Each night it seemed to her that he stayed longer, and she took it as a sign he looked down on them. It outraged her. She used to look at the clock then get up and go to the bathroom noisily and call out warningly, "Alca, you know you have to get up in the morning." "All right, Mrs. Buhay," Alca answered meekly and the tone, quick and placating, seemed to tell Mrs. Buhay what was going on between them, and her heart would ache for Alca.

One night a few minutes before twelve, she lay in bed listening and worrying, and when she couldn't hear them talking at all, she got out of bed and put on her dressing gown and went along the hall to the living room where they were sitting on the sofa close together. All her suspicious shrewdness was in her eyes as she stared at them. "I was going to get a glass of milk," she said, shuffling along in her slippers to the kitchen.

Tom looked at Mrs. Buhay and then at Alca, who flushed as if she knew he was getting a picture of her she didn't want him to have, and she was ashamed. When Mrs. Buhay came back from the kitchen Alca smiled self-consciously, but then she seemed to see herself mirrored in Mrs. Buhay's eyes, and she slumped back on the sofa.

ANOTHER night they hadn't come home and it was midnight. It had been raining hard, and Mrs. Buhay, lying in bed, worried about Alca not having a coat with her. She caught cold easily. Then she heard them come in. They closed the door quietly and she could feel them listening outside her room, and then they tiptoed along the hall.

After that she could hear nothing at all, and hating Tom Prince for making Alca furtive and sly, she got up cursing him, threw her dressing gown around her and strode out into the living room. They weren't there. The kitchen door though was closed. She went grimly to the door and pushed it open. "What's going on here?" she demanded.

Alca stood by the stove where the coffee pot was on, and Tom was at the end of the kitchen table with his coat off, and as she stared at him he stood up and Mrs. Buhay was sure they had heard her footsteps and were both acting now.

"Why are you in here with the door

closed?" she said sharply to Tom.

"We are going to have a cup of coffee," he said, and he reddened and stared right back at her.

"You were asleep, Mrs. Buhay," Alca said. "We didn't want to wake you. We were just sitting here, really." Then angered by her own apology she put her hand on the coffee pot to show it was hot, and then had to jerk it away.

"Mrs. Buhay, do you object to me coming in for a cup of coffee. How about it?"

"I heard a noise," she said, hating him for his tone. "There was no one in the living room. Naturally I wondered why there was a light in the kitchen. Well, all right."

They were both stiff and tense, their eyes meeting as they waited for her to go, and when she got back to her bedroom and lay down she was sure she had been fooled somehow because Alca had looked so ashamed.

A faint streak of light from the window was on the ceiling and she watched it till she heard them come along the hall and say good night, and when finally she heard Alca go into her bedroom she relaxed and sighed, and turned over on her side and fell asleep.

A little sound woke her up suddenly, a little clicking noise like the latch on the door. Throwing the covers back she grabbed at her dressing gown, turned on the light, went out to the hall, then to Alca's bedroom. Alca wasn't there.

Hurrying out she forgot that she was a heavy woman and could easily trip in her slippers. She grabbed the stair banister and went running down. On the first landing she looked down the stairs that led to the apartment entrance and there was Alca sitting on the second step, her raincoat on, putting on her shoes.

"Alca, Alca," Mrs. Buhay called hoarsely, and she felt a little dizzy with relief. Holding her dressing gown in tight at the waist, she came heavily down the stairs and into the light while Alca backed away, staring at her.

"Alca, you little fool," she said, but she had to wait to catch her breath. "Where do you think you're going at this hour?"

"Out," Alca said suddenly. "To be with that guy," and then she grabbed her by the arm. "Where was he taking you at this hour?"

"Just... just somewhere," and she jerked away from Mrs. Buhay.

"Where were you going? To his place?"

"I don't know."

"Answer me, Alca."

"I don't have to," she whispered defiantly.

"To his room," Mrs. Buhay said bitterly.

"Where is he?" And she went to the big glass door and looked out. It was still raining, but just a little, and the pavement gleamed in the street light. Across the road was a cigar store and she could make out a figure half hidden in the entrance. "There he is. Come here you little fool," she said, and took Alca's arm roughly and drew her to the door.

"Look at him, skulking around, waiting till I fell asleep. Like a dog when the moon is right, knowing you'll come running. Oh, dear," she said, sighing bitterly. "How nicely he played you. The boy with the elegant manner, the charm and the education. Slumbering. Didn't I tell you you'd lose your head? Didn't I?" she asked furiously,



Fixing bulges in linoleum calls for a really sharp knife and some good fresh linoleum paste. Slit the bulge, slip in a good supply of paste with a narrow-bladed knife, then put a heavy weight on the slit and leave it overnight.

Whether repairing linoleum or laying it, your knife MUST be sharp. I've seen plenty of people hurt because a dull tool slipped. Sharp tools are far safer to handle, because they'll do exactly what you want them to do. A No. 109 Combination Stone by CARBORUNDUM will keep them sharp and is basic to your tool collection... economical to buy—long lasting. Your hardware store or building supply dealer has a wide range of sizes for you to choose from.

You can't plane a plywood edge—so if a cabinet door binds, try a piece of Extra Coarse Flint Paper (wrapped around a 3" square block of $\frac{1}{2}$ " wood to save your fingers). Works fine. Another good product by CARBORUNDUM. Matter of fact, CARBORUNDUM makes five outstanding Flint Papers: Extra Fine—Fine—Medium—Coarse—Extra Coarse. A few sheets of each on your workshop shelf will equip you for any refinishing job in the house.

Easy-as-pie way to store sanding discs: just "borrow" a pie tin from the kitchen. Cut it in half... tack the rim to a wall or the back of your bench, open end up. Return the unused half to the house, if you dare. ... on second thought, better make two storage "racks."

What home up-keep short-cuts have YOU discovered? that other folks would like to know about? Send 'em to me on a postcard—a separate card for each idea—and I'll pay you \$5.00 right away for every one I can use in later columns. Even if I can't use 'em (on account of duplicates, and such) I'll send you a worthwhile gift for your trouble. Better send me a postcard anyhow, and ask for a fine new booklet, "HOW TO SAND," which the CARBORUNDUM folks have just printed. There's no charge. Just address your card to me...

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and her fury frightened Alca, who still stood with her face pressed against the glass.

Then she turned to protest, but as she met Mrs. Buhay's knowing and scornful glance her own eyes were lonely and stricken. "Yes, it's wrong—all wrong. I know it's wrong," she whispered. Then she ran up the stairs. Mrs. Buhay watched her legs in the light rounding the turn and then she sighed wearily. "Well, that's that," and gathering her dressing gown around her, one hand holding it in tight at the waist, she climbed the stairs slowly, breathing hard.

IN THE HALL she heard Alca crying and she thought grimly, "Maybe now she'll be wise to that guy," and she went back to her bedroom.

She lit a cigarette, sat on the edge of the bed and wished she had a drink, and then the sound of the heartbroken sobbing in the next room began to worry her; it tore at her affection for Alca. Slowly, she got up and went



into Alca's bedroom and in the dark she could make out Alca huddled on the bed, her face buried in the pillow.

"Alca, be sensible," she said roughly, kneeling on the bed, and as the spring sagged and rolled Alca toward her she reached out to touch her and was hurt when Alca drew away.

"Would you rather I hadn't stopped you, Alca?"

"No, I'm glad you did."

"Then why are you sore at me?"

"I'm not sore at you at all, Mrs. Buhay."

"Well, then," she said, puzzled. "If you're a little wiser now, it's all right. If you had gone to the guy's room and been easy for him then you're cheap stuff. Don't you see that?"

"I do see it."

"Well, then . . ."

"But you don't understand, Mrs. Buhay," she said half pleading as she sat up slowly. "When we came in tonight we didn't intend to go out, we didn't."

"As if you knew what was in his mind, Alca."

"It wasn't in his mind, Mrs. Buhay," and she shook her head with a desolate conviction. "Not in the beginning. We were just sitting in the kitchen with the door closed to be by ourselves. Then you came along; then it got that we had to be alone. I mean—it got different—"

"Alca, wasn't I right about the guy?"

"No."

"Alca, Alca."

"You weren't right about him; you were right about me."

"How was I right about you?"

"Well, you were sure I was no good."

"Alca, I never said you were no good."

"You didn't need to," she said simply, her voice breaking. "You said it every time you looked at me. You said it to Tom in the way you watched us, and tonight, well, I got mad and didn't care, and I said let's go somewhere else."

In the dark Mrs. Buhay could make out Alca's hand moving on the bedspread, and she watched it, and couldn't find any words, and then she pleaded, "Alca, your own mother would have taken the attitude I did."

"No, she wouldn't," Alca said quickly.

"She would, Alca."

"No, she would never make me feel that Tom was too good for me, and that I was common. But, of course, she would be my mother, and maybe there'd be things she wouldn't see."

"Alca, you took it in the wrong way," Mrs. Buhay whispered, but she couldn't go on. She was too shaken by Alca's lonely acceptance of the fact that there was a common streak in her that she with her experience had seen at once, not being blinded by the love that her mother might have had for her, and she got up and moved heavily over to the chair and sat down.

She was bewildered at the failure of her own affection. It had been slowly destroying Alca's self-respect. Drawing her dressing gown tighter across her chest as if she were cold she rubbed her wrinkled neck slowly with her right hand, and as Alca, troubled and wondering, stared at her, she felt old and unknowing and glad of the darkness.

"Alca, I'm a fool," she whispered. "A fool about what?"

"I belittle you into seeing things my way."

"I don't know what you mean."

"It's a fact, a fact," Mrs. Buhay said, then she shook her head and got up and shuffled out of the bedroom.

It was dark in the living room and she stood by the window looking down at the wet street. She couldn't see the cigar store where Tom had been waiting. As she watched to see if he would come along the street she thought of her own life and all who had passed through it and the two men who at one time had loved her, and how they had parted from her, and it seemed a very long time ago, and she felt lonely. And then she thought, "Oh, Lord, if I wasn't like I am, Alca wouldn't be in there feeling cheap and common."

A shaft of light came suddenly from Alca's bedroom; she had turned on the light and was getting undressed. Mrs. Buhay looked and went slowly toward the light. Alca was pulling her dress over her head. Mrs. Buhay went over and stood behind her, hesitated, then helped her draw it over her head.

"Alca, listen to me," she said. "You were a good straightforward girl when you came here. A girl with good feelings." Her wide mouth trembled as she groped for the right words, then went on urgently. "There's something I want you to do, Alca. Tomorrow I want you to go and get a room for yourself, you understand?"

"Leave here? Don't you want me here anymore?"

"That's not it, Alca."

"You've been kind to me, Mrs. Buhay. You've done everything for me. I know you like me."

"No, get a room for yourself tomorrow, Alca. I'll help you find one. Tomorrow, right tomorrow. Take a chance with your own heart, Alca. It's good. You'll be all right." She fumbled the words desperately because they were cutting her off from Alca, but all she knew was that she didn't want Alca's life to be like hers. ★

SGIAN DUBH— DIRK OF THE HIGHLANDS



Not exclusively a weapon, the bejeweled Highland dirk was a generally useful, albeit at times, costly implement. The decorative leather sheath, bound with precious metal, often held a miniature knife and fork as well as the more formidable dagger. It was worn in the Highlander's stocking.

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Mailbag

Is Lord Russell Wrong?

Lord Russell (Jan. 15) hardly answers his question, "What Makes Men Go To War?" His method in the conquest of fear—like much of his philosophy—is futile, not to say stupid.

There is only one way to conquer fear—and it has been proven times over. Lord Russell in his youth, with a simpler mind and purer heart, may have read it: "Perfect love casteth out fear."—Dr. J. W. Armstrong, Montreal.

• Those who recall the reasons why Lord Russell lost his teaching position in New York will challenge his self-promoted claim to being a leading philosopher.

Two months ago the Red leadership at Moscow urged all supporters to oppose an enlarged NATO, and to promote the Commie line on "coexistence." We do not have people arguing for coexistence with cancer, tuberculosis or polio, but, with the mental and social aberrant disease of communism, politicians seem to have a different set of values!

In this article Lord Russell follows the Commie line . . .—Stanley R. M. Fryer, Winnipeg.

RTA, Take a Bow

Last fall I took a two-year subscription to your magazine. Do you know why? In order not to miss any of those refreshingly original, and amusing articles by Robert Thomas Allen. They should be published in book form like the Sunshine Sketches. What a sense of humor!—Mrs. Hugh E. Rolph, Hantsport, N.S.

A Bouquet and a Buffet

Your write up of the Prime Minister by Ian Selanders (Jan. 1) was grand. Beverley Baxter's London Letter



was, as usual, rotten.—F. C. McAlpine, Calgary.

The Pesky Leswick

Congratulations to Trent Frayne for the magnificent story on Tony Leswick, The Biggest Pest in Hockey (Jan. 15). It's one of the best I've read, not only because I admire Leswick, but because it is very well written.—Heather Calhoun, Beauharnois, Que.

• Funny having a story about mischievous Tony Leswick following Bertrand Russell's What Makes Men Go To War. Leswick possesses all of the desires listed by Mr. Russell that will cause our doom. They are:

1. Acquisitiveness—there is no end to the needling of his opponents.
2. Rivalry—he hates other teams simply because they are his rivals.
3. Vanity—as the playful child re-

marks "Look at me!", Leswick grandstands knowing that the fans are watching him.

4. Power—ever since his bush-league days he has been a bully on the ice.

It is amazing how author Frayne can admire and respect a "warmonger" like Leswick. We may as well import hockey material from Siberia.—Donald Bell, Montreal.

A General Impression

The main purpose of this letter is to thank you for the story, Who Destroyed the Earth? (Jan. 1). It's the sort of thing that makes me look forward to each issue with happy anticipation.

While I'm about it I may as well



Is Stroud worse than Feyer?

give you my general impression of your excellent magazine: I like your fair-minded editorial policy. I don't like a certain politician who would probably like to be Sir Beverley. I like most of your covers but I don't like the untidy scribblings of Feyer . . . I'm attaching proof that I can draw worse than Feyer.—William Stroud, Toronto.

Two Views of China

Your article by Blair Fraser, The Man Who Yearns For War (Jan. 1), is very enlightening. I agree with Clement Attlee and other Labor MPs who recently visited China . . . It would be good for the peace of the world if this crazy bloodthirsty tool of the United States was removed from power, and Formosa given over to its rightful owner—and that is the so-called Red China, or by its rightful name, the People's Republic of China . . .—R. P. McPherson, Shoal Lake, Man.

• As Blair Fraser points out (Backstage in Asia, Jan. 15), Canada has no ambassador at Taipei, the capital of Nationalist China. Ottawa should rectify this error as soon as possible.

If we want to keep the "overseas Chinese" in southeast Asia out of the Communist camp, we must support Free China and bolster its prestige so as to encourage these overseas Chinese communities to retain their present pro-Nationalist sympathies. The appointment of a Canadian ambassador to Free China would tend to promote this desirable end, since it would dispel fears that Ottawa might capitulate to irresponsible CCF demands and recognize the Red Chinese regime.—Kenneth Hilborn, Kingston, Ont. ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The Book that Started out as Two



Author Hutchison lost a chapter of his book in the bedlam of his summer home.



Illustrator Macpherson checks his work for authenticity by historical research.

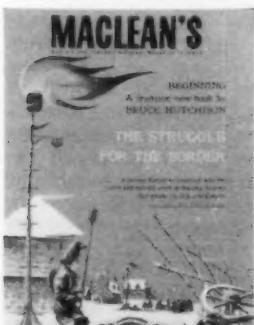
BRUCE HUTCHISON'S important new book, *The Struggle for the Border*, which begins in this issue of Maclean's, was actually the offshoot of two other Hutchison books, one published and one unpublished. Seven years ago Bruce decided to begin a layman's history of Canada. The research took him two years and he'd got about one quarter of the book done when Mackenzie King died and his publishers asked him to start immediately on a biography of the former prime minister. The result was *The Incredible Canadian*, the highlights of which also appeared in Maclean's before book publication.

While he was working on *The Incredible Canadian*, Bruce was struck by King's intense interest in U. S.-Canadian relations. He decided finally that he ought to write the story of the two nations' struggles and eventual reconciliation.

After *The Incredible Canadian* was published in 1952, Hutchison immediately got to work on *The Struggle for the Border*, making use of the material he'd collected for the history of Canada. Much of the actual writing was done at his summer camp on the shores of Shawinigan Lake, Vancouver Island, and, to judge from the author's own reports, scenes of chaos ensued. ★

"On Guard in Old Quebec"

This drawing by Duncan Macpherson of Lower Town Quebec shows a soldier on guard duty just before the American attack described by Bruce Hutchison in this issue of Maclean's. The flares are made from barrels of tar. Macpherson pored for days over picture collections in libraries and archives to make the drawing as authentic as possible.



Is The Catholic Church Out of Place in Canada?



Some critics say "yes" and assert as one of their reasons that the Church is not democratic.

They say it is undemocratic, for example, for the Church to oppose birth control and divorce with remarriage. It is undemocratic for Catholics to maintain their own schools... to campaign against obscene literature, books and films... to promulgate a distinctive Catholic culture.

What, we ask, could be *more* undemocratic than to deny Catholics the right to do these very things if they choose?

Christ's Church was not intended, of course, to be Canadian, or British, French or German. It was to be *catholic*, not national—at home everywhere, alien nowhere. Nor was Christ's Church designed to be democratic. It was established on a hierarchical system, with authority vested in the Apostles—not in the Congregation. That is the nature and design of the Catholic Church.

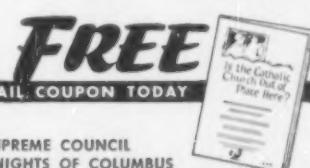
To assert that the Catholic Church is undemocratic implies that it is anti-democratic and antagonistic to a democratic political and social system. Nothing could be further from the truth. No firmer dedication to democratic principles could be made than that voiced by the Catholic Bishops of the United States at their Third Plenary Council, in Baltimore, in 1884. The present Pope, Pius XII, supplementing similar comments by earlier Popes, declared in 1944 that the member of a true democracy is "a citizen of honor, of personal activity and of dignity."

In 1576—just 200 years before America's Declaration of Independence—Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, a famed member of the Catholic Hierarchy—wrote that "all men are equal"..."that

political right is from God"..."that man must be governed by someone"..."that government "must depend on the consent of the multitude"..."and that "for legitimate reasons the people can change the government..."

In a genuine democracy, it must be recognized as the right of the Catholic Hierarchy to expound Catholic doctrine, to instruct the Catholic people, to legislate and regulate in matters concerning the Catholic Church. To do so infringes in no way on the rights or liberties of non-Catholics.

If you would like to have a better understanding of the Catholic Church and its attitudes and activities, write today for our free pamphlet. It will be sent in a plain wrapper... nobody will call on you. Fill in coupon—mail today! Ask for Pamphlet No. MM-49.



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A FELLOW from Port Colborne, Ont., had his first ride on the Toronto subway the other day, but the hectic pace of life in the big city was impressed on him even more sharply by an incident that occurred after he returned to street level. Here his attention was arrested by sight of a big Irish setter charging down Yonge Street with a little old lady almost flying along at the end of his leash. "Stop him! Stop him!" she cried excitedly, so he grabbed the leash and dug his heels in. "No—not the dog, stupid . . . the bus driver. I've got to catch that bus!" And off she flew after a cross-town bus that was just waiting for the light to change to leap away from the next intersection.

We've heard the wives of traveling men say one consolation is your husband isn't around the place getting on your nerves all the time. Now we've heard about an ingenious Saskatchewan traveler who's figured out how to keep his wife hopping even when he's miles away. Her indecipherable handwriting has aroused his caustic comment for years, but now when he's away and gets a letter from home he cuts out all the words he can't understand and mails them back to her.

A men's wear store whose letterhead gives its address as "Portage at Carlton, Winnipeg, Man." ordered some shirts from a firm in Louisville, Kentucky. Right back came a troubled reply. The shirtmakers would be delighted to do business but had never catered to the export trade before and had to con-

A couple of jalopy-aged Gaspé youths spent a happy Saturday afternoon tinkering in the barnyard, taking their old relic of a car apart for the sheer joy of dissection and the manly satisfaction of reassembling it in time for their Saturday night date. But when they came to put the wheels back on there wasn't a ball bearing in sight—every last one had vanished. They were sitting despondently on the running board watching the sun sink lower in the sky when homecoming cows scat-



tered the barnyard's foraging hens. All but one, that is—she just waddled a couple of steps then sank slowly by the stern. With a yell the boys were on her, put the hapless hen out of its misery, plucked and cleaned it and retrieved all twenty-eight ball bearings.

Our favorite wedding of recent weeks was performed in West Covehead, P.E.I., and reported in the Halifax Chronicle with the names of bride and groom linked rather ominously at the top of the notice, "Court-Marshall."

Suburban residents of Metropolitan Toronto are still shouting their hurt and outrage because the Toronto Transit Commission charges not one but two or three separate fares to haul them home nights. They would surely sympathize, in a head-shaking sort of way, with the new arrival from Poland who snoozed off on a crosstown bus late one evening. He slept right past his transfer point, stumbled off at the end of the line—and discovered too late there wouldn't be another bus till morning. His lost expression changed to a happy smile when a waitress at an all-night lunch counter offered to call him a cab. And he was still beaming his gratitude to the wonderful Toronto transportation system when he innocently handed the cab driver his transfer in return for a two-dollar ride.

Help!

fess ignorance. There'd be no trouble arranging railway shipment of the order the first part of the way, but how could it arrange for portaging the goods at Carlton?

The TB X-ray van went through Red Deer, Alta., a while back, and most of the town turned up to have their chests photographed. A couple of weeks later one man who'd been X-rayed received an official notice urging him to consult his doctor immediately as there was something the matter with his right lung. He didn't go, though. He knew and the doc knew he hadn't had any right lung for two years.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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